

Thoughts

by Debbie Kogan

The summer is over
Where has it gone?

It came and went so quickly,
Too quickly for me.

I've met new friends
And done new things.

From enameling to
sitting under a tree

I love it here
It will always be a
special place for me.

☆ Stargazing by Neil Fein ☆

Duncan led us up the path on the right side of the Veggie Farm. The path was narrow, too narrow. The tripod on the telescope I was carrying brushed against the long stalks of grain.

When we got to the top of the farm, I involuntarily dropped the blanket I was carrying. I put down the tripod and the telescope, and spread my blanket out on the grass.

Later, I tried to locate Jupiter in the telescope. No luck. The same with Saturn.

Still later, I searched for something to look at. Someone suggested Antares, and pointed to a dull red point of light in the sky in the south-west. When it was located, it looked the same as it did without the telescope.

The meteors were a total surprise to me. I saw a streak across the sky and then it was gone.....

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Howard A. Fischer

I idolized her. I would stare in awe at her, at her movements. She's one of those rare people who seem to be a permanent part of life, like the sky is, or the stars.

She was so God damn beautiful. She had light brown almost blond wavy hair, which moved in harmony with her. She didn't walk, she flowed. Nothing was wasted when she moved, every part of her body was intricately connected. She was perfect.

And she wrote. Christ, the way she wrote! In every creation of hers, the characters didn't have to be brought to life, they existed by themselves. When reading her stuff, you were literally made an integral part of the story, not a passive observer. If she described a race, at the end of it you would be exhausted, short of breath. The impossible she made commonplace. The ordinary she made unreal. She was fantastic.

Even her name was alive. Christine. It was made a sacred name by being hers. It was not to be taken in vain.

And me. If she was placed in front of a mirror which reversed every facet of her being, I would be that image.

Not that I was ugly. I might even be described as somewhat handsome, in a quiet sort of way. No, it wasn't that.

Every part of her was alive, while I reeked of non-being. I was dead, personality wise, and everything I did proved it. Even my name, Edward, was nothing.

My paltry excuses for poetry didn't deserve to paper her walls. Most of the lousy writers thought their stuff was great, but I knew mine was crap. Sure, the Pub printed them, but I think they had a quota for their magazines.

People tended to ignore me. I was totally outside the sphere of everyday existence. Except to her. She would always give me a cheery hi, or something like that. Even such a small token of her recognition made me happy, ecstatic. I guess she was so full of life she could afford to give some of it away to the less privileged. Like me.

At least half the boys in camp were in love with her, myself included. But she had no boyfriend. It wasn't that she felt no one was good enough for her, but that she didn't want to limit her affection to one person. She needed to share it with the world.

I, however, loved her more than all of them put together ever could. She was my personal god, and no other god had such a faithful worshipper. Every waking moment was spent in adoration of her, every dream I had was about her. I wanted to belong to her, I wanted her to belong to me, I wanted us to belong to each other. Whatever life I had, whatever luster my poems had, all had to be credited to her. She was my reason for breathing, and a better reason could not be found.

I would have followed her around like a puppy dog, but I didn't have the guts. I stayed at the Pub shop all day long, writing bad poetry. I waited for her to come in so I could bask in her glow. She would always say hello to me, even when no one else noticed me. She gave me life.

"Hi Edward," she said to me one morning in the Pub shop.
"How are you doing?" I mumbled a reply.

"They put up the sign-up list for the Pub trip to Kent Falls. I hope you don't mind, but I signed you up."

She left me, and went outside. I muttered "Thanks," as she left. I was amazed that she would do that. I wondered why.

Kent Falls was fantastic. A long rocky stream, ending in a series of waterfalls. The water splashed and cascaded off of every boulder, filling the air with a fine mist. The rocks were worn with age, smooth, but they jutted out at such angles that it would be simple to climb them.

I loved to climb. Climbing brought me to life, it made me (silly as it may sound) one with nature. It was an action that didn't have to be explained; it was worthwhile in itself.

I walked along the wooden guardrail for a while, then, using roots and rocks as stepping stones, I slowly descended to the rocks which adorned the sides of the falls.

My feet were implanted in crevices, as my hands eagerly felt for protrusions. I pulled myself up onto a plateau to look around.

I felt like a king surveying his kingdom. The fresh air, the spray from the waterfalls, the immense trees towering above me, the cloudless sky, my own state of mind combined to give me a feeling of omnipotence. Like a God! All of it was mine, mine to enjoy! It was mine!

"I claim this land," I shouted, "for God, the Pub shop, and me! Forevermore!"

"Hi," I heard a voice behind me say shyly. I whirled, lost and regained my footing, and looked at Christine, my Godhood instantly revoked. She was standing on a rock two feet from mine, dipping her feet in the water.

"Uh, hi," I answered, nervously. I looked (tried to look) casually around. There was no one else in sight.

"You like climbing?" she asked.

"Yeah. You? I mean, do you like to climb?"

"Occasionally. My father owns a small printing company, and we have this sort of modern house situated in a forest. There's lots of hills and rocks to climb. I like to climb."

It dawned on me that I was living out my favorite fantasy. I had Christine all alone! Fantasies, unfortunately, are much easier to live through than reality.

"Well," I said.

"Well?"

"Uh, we better go back," I said. "They'll be serving lunch soon."

"Okay. Hold on, I'm gonna jump to your rock."

She paused, bit her finger, and leaped. She landed on the edge of the rock.

"Not bad, eh?" she asked.

"Let's go back now. They'll be wondering where we are."
She nodded and stepped towards me.

As we walked down to where everybody was I groped for things to say. I had a chance alone with Christine, and I was screwing it up. What the hell was wrong with me?

I smiled at her. She smiled back. Inwardly, I cursed at myself for not doing something.

Why couldn't I have guts? All I had to do was speak, say something, but I was too cowardly. But why? I had nothing to lose.

That was my nature. I could never take the initiative, never dare to change the direction in which I was going in. Life was a river I just floated in. I wished I knew how to swim. I probably never would, though.

No! I told myself. I don't have to be just a pawn of fate. I could take charge of my life!

"Christine," I started.

"Yes?"

It was too late to back down now. "Let's go back up. Let's explore it a little."

I have never waited so much for, nor been so nervous about something as I was about her answer. I would have bitten my nails had I not been so anxious about making a good impression.

"Sure. Let's go," she replied. "I always wanted to talk to you, but you were so, so withdrawn."

"I was scared," I said.

"Scared of what?" she asked.

"You," I said, truthfully.

"Why?"

"Why? Because you're...well, you know, such a big shot, while I'm a nothing. You always had everybody hanging all over you. You would have laughed at me."

"No. I wouldn't have laughed. And you're only a nothing if you think you are."

"I have no personality."

"Bullshit." I was surprised. Quote unquote dirty language always seemed blunt to me, and Christine was not the blunt type.

"Huh?"

"Bullshit. You have life in you. All you have to do is let it out."

"I'm boring," I said.

"I don't think so."

"You don't know me. You don't know anything about me."

"I can see it in your eyes."

"My eyes? Now that's bullshit!"

"No, stop it. You can tell a lot about people by their eyes. Eyes can deceive, they can enchant, they can incite, or discourage."

"You should write that down. Save it for a story," I joked.

She didn't hear me, or if she did, she didn't listen. "Your eyes reflect the stars," she said.

"It's daylight. What the hell are you talking about?"

"The universe is contained in your eyes. All you need is someone to set it free."

I stopped, and gazed at her intensely. "I love you, you know."

"I know."

"Would you, I mean." I stumbled.

She didn't say anything, but her look told me to continue.

"I need someone to set it free, you said so yourself."

Would you be that someone?"

I was afraid that all this sounded like a scene from a B movie. I suddenly lost all the courage I had before.

Christ, I had nerve. I was asking the most sought-after girl in camp out. I, a nothing, was trying to assume somebodyhood. I immediately regretted my act of hubris.

"Edward, I," she said, making it sound like a prayer.

"Yes."

I kissed her.

I was reborn. I became lively, interesting, more self-confident. For once I could walk through camp without worrying about what other people thought of me. I didn't care! I had Christine, and she was all I needed.

And my poetry improved vastly. It had feeling, reality. It was moving. I even began to get compliments on it. And it was because of her.

Why she liked me before my transformation, I don't know. Maybe she did see something in me. Something that needed setting free. Whatever it was, now it was out. I entered the realm of human beings, and became part of the world. I was happy, happier than I'd been in fifteen years.

For once, I had integrity. Before, I was not taken seriously, not considered real. Now, everyone accepted me. I would have thought they'd laugh at the idea of Christine and me, but they didn't. That was the most amazing thing.

I was made editor of poetry in the yearbook, and she became fiction editor. We talked to each other about the material, and helped each other. It was great.

The last four weeks of camp were the most important in my life, and the happiest. But like all things, they came to an end.

The last night of camp was a gloomy one. It was unusually warm, but not humid. Half the camp was crying, and promising to write each other.

Christine and I walked, hand-in-hand, past the ping-pong tables, up Buck's Rock Road. It was surprisingly quiet. I would have thought that every couple would be out tonight, but none were. Maybe they had gone in the other direction. Everything seemed sharper, more defined. It was like a still shot from a movie, a scene out of life.

"This is it," I said.

"No, it isn't. I don't want to go," she complained.

"Thanks for being there when I needed you."

"You didn't need me. Anyone could have done it."

"But only you thought enough to do it," I answered. Not many people would have taken the trouble.

"It was worth it. You're pretty decent."

"You're not half bad yourself. Not as good as me, but..."

"Keep writing. You're good at it."

"Me? Not as good as you!"

"Better. I've reached my peak. You're just becoming aware of your potential."

We walked in silence for the next few minutes.

"I'll miss you like hell," she said.

"Me too."

"See you next year, at least."

I shook my head. "Next year I'm going to Israel. For the summer. I'm going to live with my grandparents. They live in Jerusalem."

"So this is it?" It was neither a question or a statement.

"No, of course not. We could visit."

"At most once a month. It would be more like teasing, to only see you so little."

"We could write, then. It's better than nothing."

"No. It's worse. I'll always be reminded of you, but I won't be able to see you, or hear your voice, or touch you."

"Then this really is the end."

"I love you. I've never loved someone before."

"I've always loved you," I said. "You know that."

"This sucks." I could only nod. "I'll never forget you," she continued, "or stop loving you."

"No," I told her. "We have to end it now. We can't let it go on, or it'll be agony."

"I know, but I don't want to admit it."

"Don't worry. You'll meet other people. We both will. We'll forget each other."

"What if we won't?"

"We will."

"But what if we don't? What if we never forget each other?"

"One day we'll meet. We only live about 75 miles from each other. If we see each other, and we still feel the same, we'll give each other a sign, or something. Then we'll know..."

"I'll never forget you."

My classmates at home were amazed at the change in me. I was outgoing, cheery, vivacious. I probably could've gone out with almost any girl, but I could never get Christine out of my mind.

Sometimes I would lay awake at night, thinking about her. I picked up the phone countless times, intending to call her, but I never did, remembering our agreement. I saw a bit of Christine in every girl, but none of them was her.

For the spring recess, I went up to N.Y.C. to visit my uncle. I was bored, (my uncle is bedridden) and I decided to go to Barnes and Nobles to get some books of course.

I was by the mystery section when I saw her. Christine! I wanted to cry out. I'm here! But I didn't.

She hadn't changed at all except her hair was longer. She wore a blue denim skirt and a white t-shirt. Her body was still lithe and slender. She picked up a book and ruffled through it, every move full of life.

I walked casually by her. I wanted to do something, talk to her, giver her a sign. But she had probably gotten someone else.

As I was scrutinizing her, she looked at me. I scanned her face for any sign of recognition, but she had either forgotten about me or refused to acknowledge me. I cried to myself silently.

She went to pay for her books. I watched her forlornly, a pile of books in my hand. She gave the cashier money, and went to leave.

At the door, she stopped and turned, looking in my direction. She stared directly at me for a second, then winked. I dropped my books and ran to her.

DARK LINES

by Vanessa Moss

Rich black denim, worn to gray on one elbow, and with a jagged blue patch on the other...A tiny white and black-streaked pin resting on the underside of the collar.

Sitting next to him on the bench, not knowing what to say. His head is bent, he's talking about how shitty life is. I love his voice - it sounds as if his thoughts are flowing gracefully but he has to force them into words. Deep and mature - I'm tired of guys who sound like Mickey Mouse.

Todd's very presence is giving me an inner warmth, despite the goose pimples rising on my arms.

"God, it's cold," he says, pulling up the collar of his shirt. I notice the pin and involuntarily I touch it. He glances at me, but doesn't speak.

"Where'd you get it?" I am very curious. The pin is so like him, an enigma. Square and white with that uneven dark line racing through it - Todd.

"He's no enigma," Claudia had said scornfully. "He's a bastard, that's all."

"He's sweet..." Wrong word, but what can I say? Maybe he is a bastard - do I care?

"Todd Shepard is not sweet. Deceptively nice sometimes, maybe honestly nice three times in his life."

"But we've only been at camp a month, how can...?"

"Shep was here last year, too. A bastard, believe me." Claudia spoke firmly.

I first saw you, Shep, wearing your denim shirt, leaning against Julie Talbern's shoulders with her arms around you. Sullen and moody-looking, to say nothing of handsome.

Two girls so far this summer, maybe sixteen last summer - was he ever happy? Shep must be trying to fill a void in his life just as I have been. Mark left a terrible gap, dug a hole in my life...the only guy I ever felt so strongly about besides Mark - Shep.

On the lawn at night in a small group of people, Noah a few feet away, sketching the ping-pong players. A pretty girl gazes at him admiringly, and asks if he'll draw her next. He looks towards me as if for permission. I wish I could feel jealous, but all that's there is guilt.

Todd's voice warm in my ear as he suggests a walk. Is he asking me along? "I'm taking a walk. I'm restless,"

"Me too." Lie.

"Maybe we'll run," he says, testing me. "A mile down Buck's Rock road."

"Great!" I spring up immediately. Suddenly it is great!

Inexplicably he asks Claudia to come also. She hesitates, then sees Noah, who had been slowly getting up, unsure. "We'll go," she tells Todd. I realize what she's doing.

"What guy wouldn't be intimidated in Shep's presence?" Claudia demanded later. She has said that often.

Down the dusky road we walk. I want to break loose with the wind rushing in my face, and my feet pounding on the ground. I sense the same desire in Todd, and suddenly we're both running - feet flying, not pounding - rushing wind exhilarating. Todd and I do not run for the same reason, but we are running together - so does it matter?

Bright headlights cause me to squint - Rat Patrol.

"Just jogging, Lou," Todd explains. It was/was it? much more.

Stopping has killed my pace - my breath is coming in hard gasps, my chest is heaving. The moment is gone.

Noah and Claudia, steady and brisk - soon we all face each other. Todd begins to walk slowly, so does Noah. I hesitate. Voices inside me are screaming, my mind is whirling.

"God," I say to myself, but it's no solace. I wish I was religious, so I could have faith, feel whatever decision I make is guided by a holy hand. God always knows what's right - but I also know, and what good is a security blanket? Eventually you must outgrow it. I never sucked my thumb, the way little kids do for comfort, I never believed in God.

I stand next to Noah, and all four of us walk back to the law together - myself at Noah's side.

"Noah asked me if there was anything wrong." Claudia informs me.

"What did you tell him?"

"That you're vain and power mad. What else?"

"Claude, please."

"I told him the truth that you were never popular until you came to camp, and you're playing power games."

"Power games? That sounds like I'm a dictator or something."

Claudia looks at me.

Todd eyes his pin and shrugs. "I found it on the ground and felt like putting it on."

"But why on the inside of the collar, where no one can see it?" He shrugs again, and then I realize He's hiding a part of himself, the part of himself that that pin is.

Todd brushes at some dried clay on his shirt. "Made a bowl in pottery," he tells me.

"It'll come off when you wash it."

"Wash it?" He stares at me as if I'm crazy, and squeezes the shirttail possessively. "Nothing could make me wash this."

Two days later I see Todd sitting on the bench with a girl. His shirt is draped over a chair several feet behind. I grasp the rough material, fingering the collar. Their voices float over to me:

"...love your blouse!" I can almost see him grinning as he looks at her low-cut, tight top.

"Nearly as nice as your old shirt," she laughs. "Glad you finally washed that thing."

"Yeah." His tone is sullen.

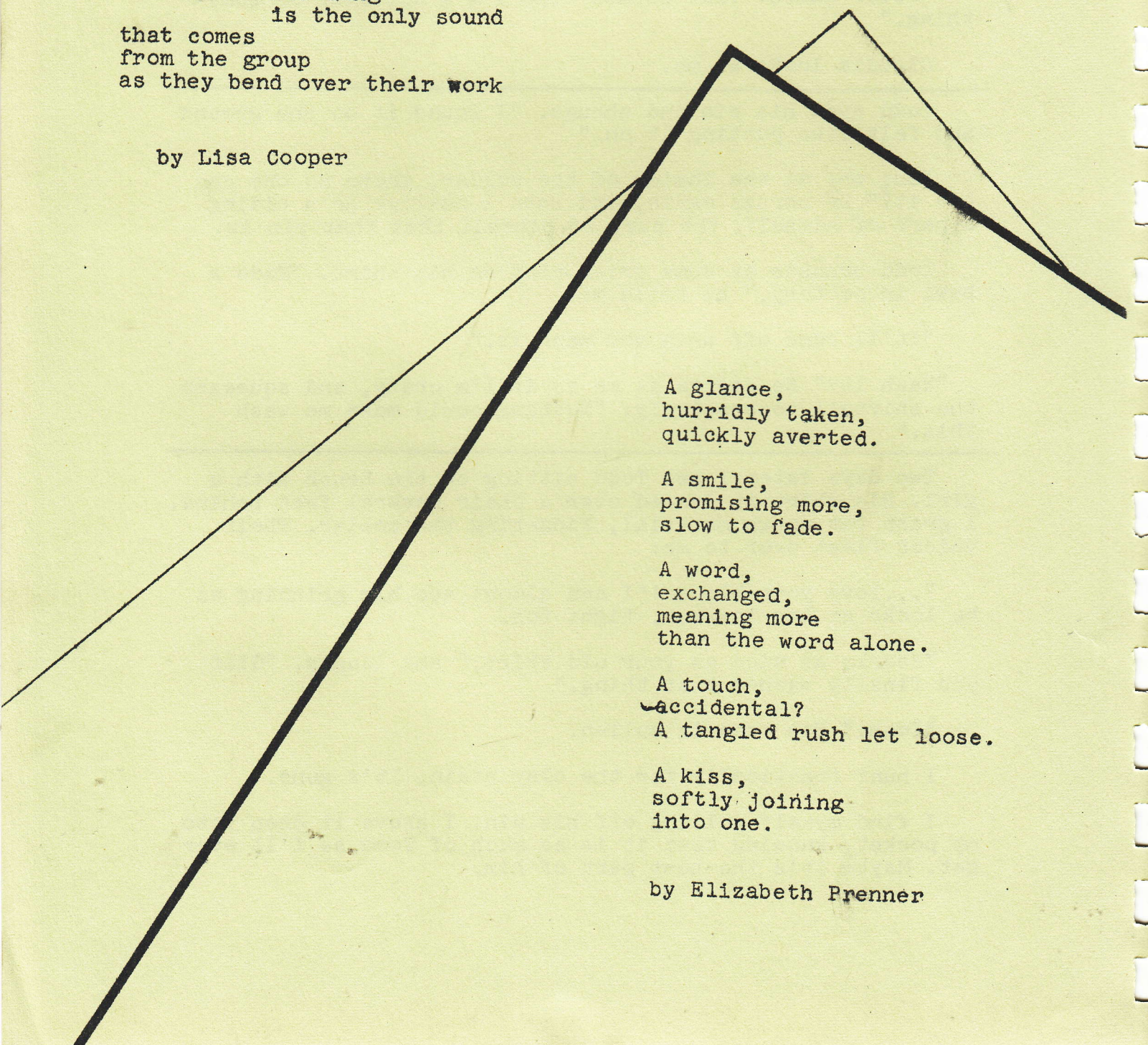
I hunt frantically for the clay stain. It's gone.

I find myself pulling off his pin. I shove it deep into my pocket, knowing that it is as much of Todd as I'll ever get. Maybe it's the best part of him.

Poetry Workshop

I sit here with the others
but not belonging,
lamplight falls
on their heads,
twilight creates shadows
on the grass
the wind's rustling
is the only sound
that comes
from the group
as they bend over their work

by Lisa Cooper



A glance,
hurridly taken,
quickly averted.

A smile,
promising more,
slow to fade.

A word,
exchanged,
meaning more
than the word alone.

A touch,
accidental?
A tangled rush let loose.

A kiss,
softly joining
into one.

by Elizabeth Prenner

Tonight
I looked up
and saw the sky.
It looked as if
someone
had just finished painting it.
Pale blue
glowing with an
unearthly radiance
set against
darker azure - soft and rich.
Satin against velvet,
yet with a somber,
almost eerie tone.
The nighttime sky:
a truly heavenly painting.

by Debbie Cooper

Dedicated to Adie

To someone very special
who's always there to help.
Who cheers me when I'm down
and lifts my spirits up.

To someone who's fun to be with
when the sun is hidden by the clouds
who shows me how to do new things
and never lets me down.

To someone who invents new dances
and composes many songs
who helps me play duets
and corrects me when I'm wrong.

To someone with whom I sometimes fight
as most sisters normally do
who I'd never want to hurt
and will always love, too.

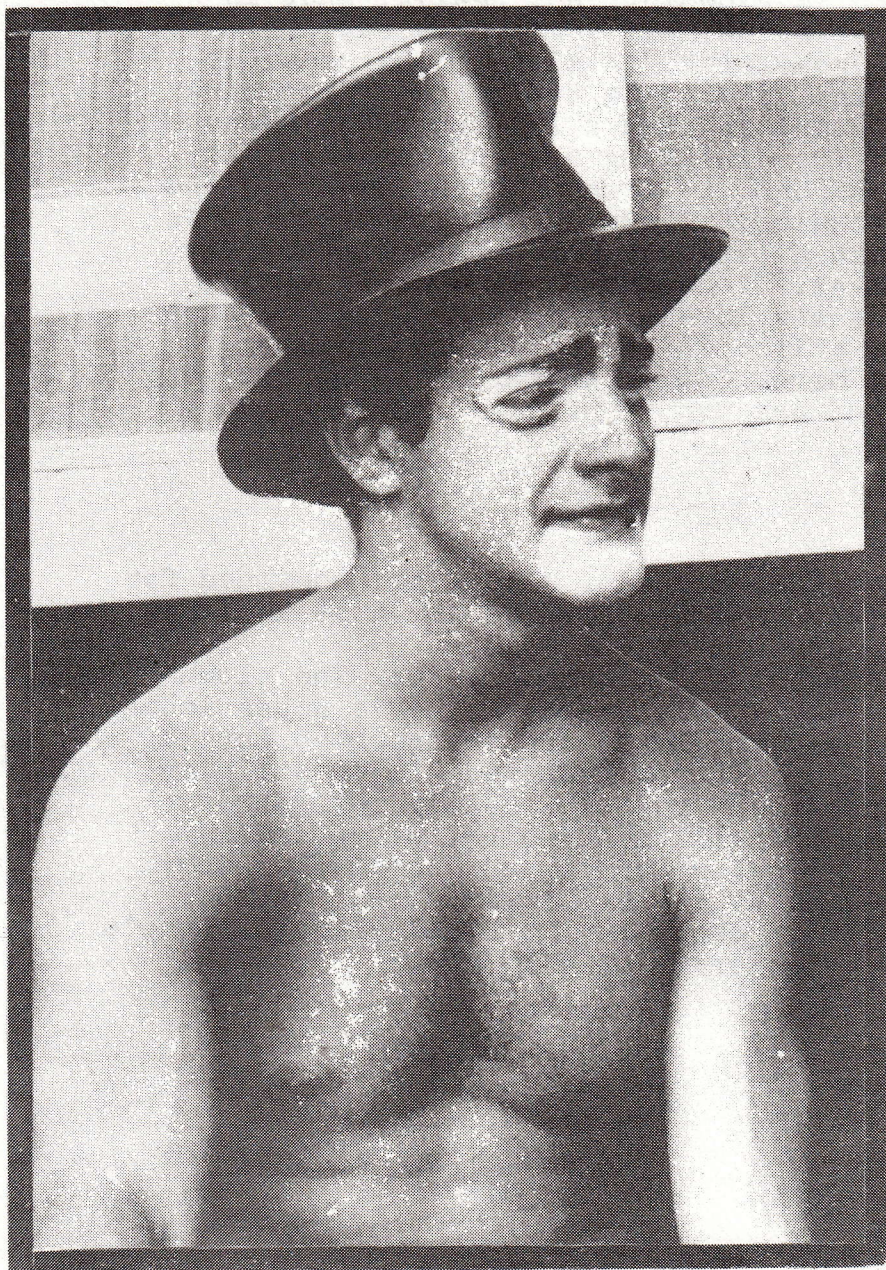
by Stephanie Kaftal



...We played theater games at the Actor's Studio. Sometimes we were items from a junk drawer, or two campers in a Buck's Rock improv. The laughter of recognition reverberated through the unfinished Rec Hall...

...the dancers move so swiftly across the stage. It looks so easy, but it must be hard. Weeks of work and classes went into Dance Night '81. Always before, dance had bored me, but not here. Here it is exhilarating. The bright lovely costumes enhance the movement; especially exciting are the costumes that help the dancers become the sea, the forest, the earth. Dance is elemental...

...everyone was tense. You could see it in the faces of the actors: thirteen, fourteen, fifteen year olds who now looked decades older. It was very dark backstage, lit dimly in places with blue. Backstage noises and fear were the enemies. All attention was focused on the prop table now, minutes before showtime -- the prop table had a script on it.



Suddenly, the opening music began, first light, then chilling... Lady Agatha swished out from the wings like a ghost...

The lights rose, the nervousness slipped away...

And after all the rehearsals, the gabbles and character analysis, the final reward was the applause, the satisfaction of accomplishment...

...and a Carvel ice cream cake...

-- N.F.

CLOWN WORKSHOP

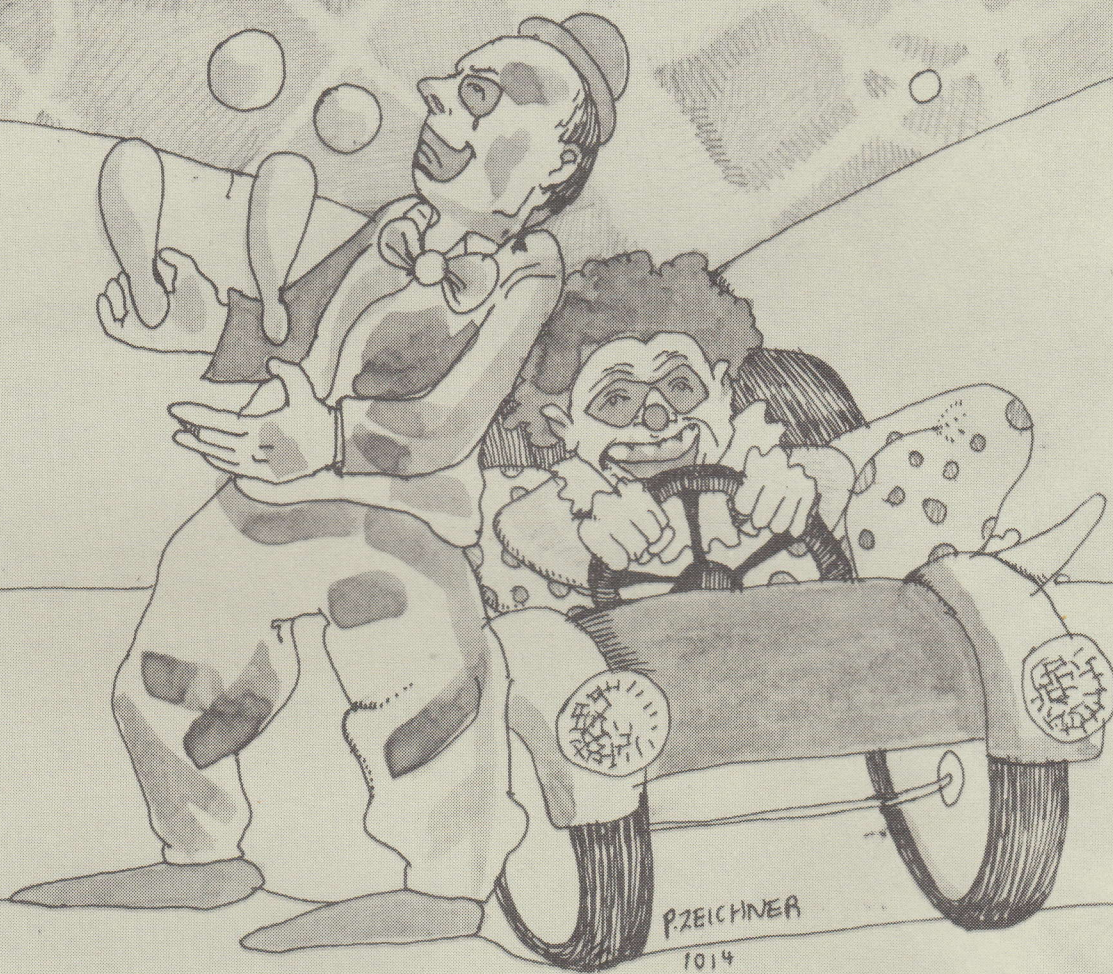
Clowning is a fun sport. No no no, that's not it... Clowning is mystical and celestial. No no no, that's not what I want to say either... Well, let me put it like this: Phillip Edwards once said, "Eggplant." Yes, this is definitely the epitome of clowning. When you act as a clown, you are just playing. You are exaggerating certain character traits that appear in yourself, to make them seem funny. Exaggeration really is the word to describe clowning. So: Exaggeration is clowning, but really, what is exaggeration? Example: a "normal" person may say, "I'm so mad, I want to punch something." A clown might stand up and scream, "I'm so mad, I'm going to eat that ping pong table!" Now see? Clowning is such a fun business, because you can do anything, from swinging a rubber chicken, to jugglong, something ABSURD, or something circus-like, and it will still be "clowning." Clowning, at least to me, is to touch everyone with a little humor, and make them see the clown in themselves. Clowns are from another world, where everyday things are looked at in a refreshing, creative way. This world exists in the mind, and anything, anything is possible here. So, to summarize this article, may I be plagerous and say, "Eggplant"?

by Aaron Kromash

God was a female rubber chicken. Beauty is undefined for I love Buck's Rock food. Osmium is twice as dense as lead.

These are the sounds of the clown workshop. The clown workshop meets every day in the upstairs Boy's House lounge. When you walk into a rehearsal you are transported into a world where it's alright, if not expected, to be silly or express your emotions, where you can totally let yourself go. In clown workshop you will learn mime, clown skills such as tripping, juggling, movement, and straight comedy. Clown workshop is taught by Michael Inserra (who is the worst ping pong player in the world) and Molly Prager (who's the country's leading authority on eggplant)

by James Eichner



PZEICHNER

1014
'14



MAGIC

A magic act is the creation of an illusion for the purpose of entertainment. Since a magician is supposed to come from a world where nothing is impossible, he creates illusions that simulate real magic. The magician must appear to be convinced that he is performing real magic and then transmit this to the audience. Studying magic is also studying psychology: knowing how people react to things such as surprises, successes, failures, and climaxes.

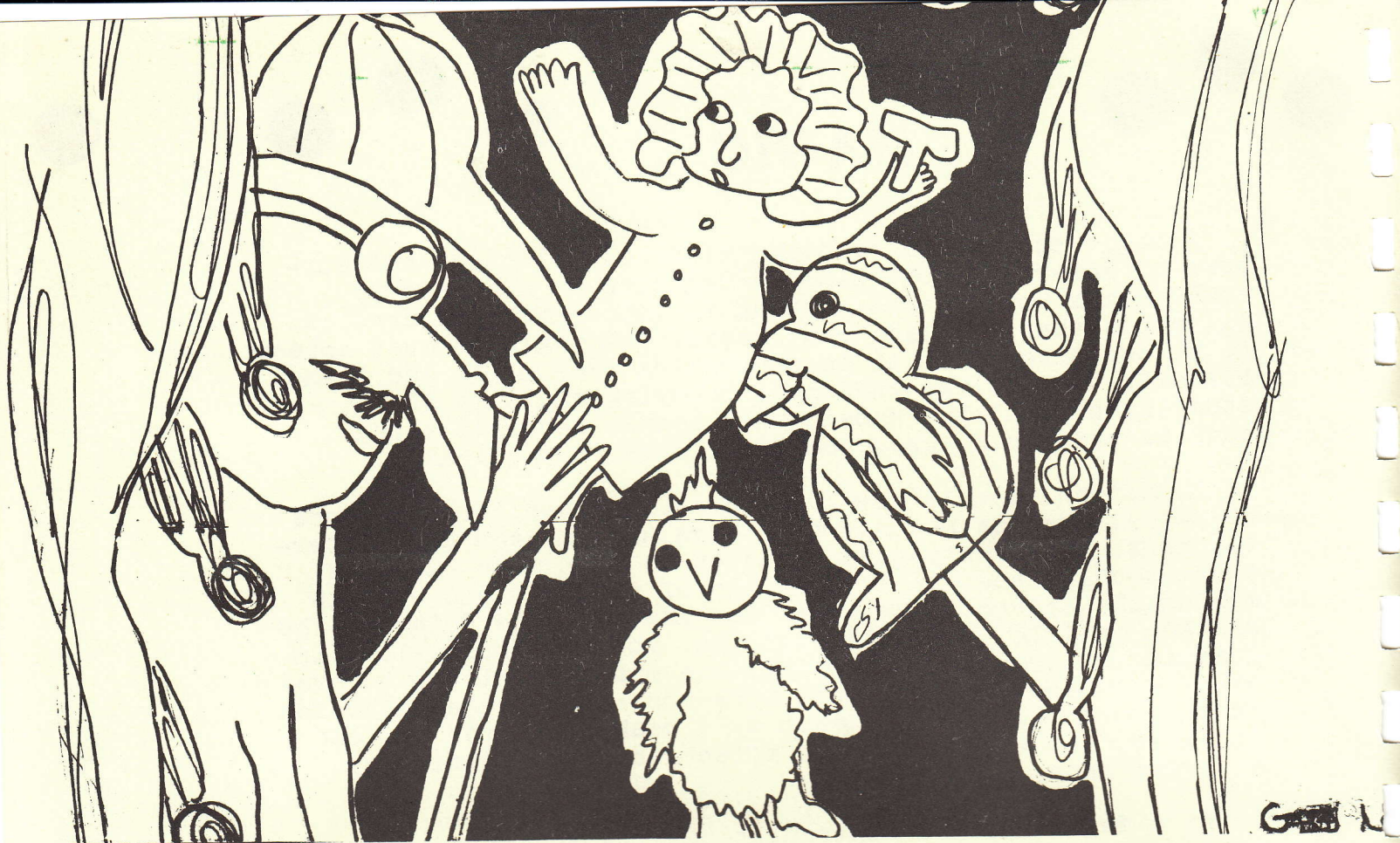
Illusions: people have been creating them for thousands of years. Perhaps because they have always been good entertainment. But creating an illusion is even more exciting than watching one. It is a battle of the mind and wits in making the spectator believe that what you are doing is the genuine article. It's his logic vs. your impossibility. In learning to create an illusion, one must also learn to create a show and be theatrical. The most spectacular illusion in the world can be flattened by a weak presentation, and likewise, the most miniscule effect can be magnified by a larger show.

As a magician, you contradict reality and that, to me, is one of the most exciting things that can ever happen. You can't walk away from the Magic Workshop at the end of the summer with something physical, a finished product to put on the shelf or hang on the wall as in most other shops. However, you do leave with something far more valuable: the ability to amuse through impossibility and carry on one of the oldest art forms in the world!

by Vernon Berger

Whenever I practice my magic routine for Ben, the counselor at the magic workshop, we go up by the flagpole so that I am not observed by others. It is also quieter up there so that I can concentrate better. While practicing for the show, many things come to mind: am I doing it right? How does it look? What if I mess up? These thoughts haunt me as I run through each trick. As I work with the thimble, I become less and less nervous and more and more confident about the show. When I finish I breathe easier and wait for Ben's opinion. I take his criticism seriously and discuss with him how to improve my performance even more. Then I prepare myself and start the routine over again!

by Rebecca Cross



PUPPETRY

by samantha
epstein

When I first started my puppets I thought I would be frustrated and I was, but it was definitely worth it. Now that they're finished I'm glad I began this project.

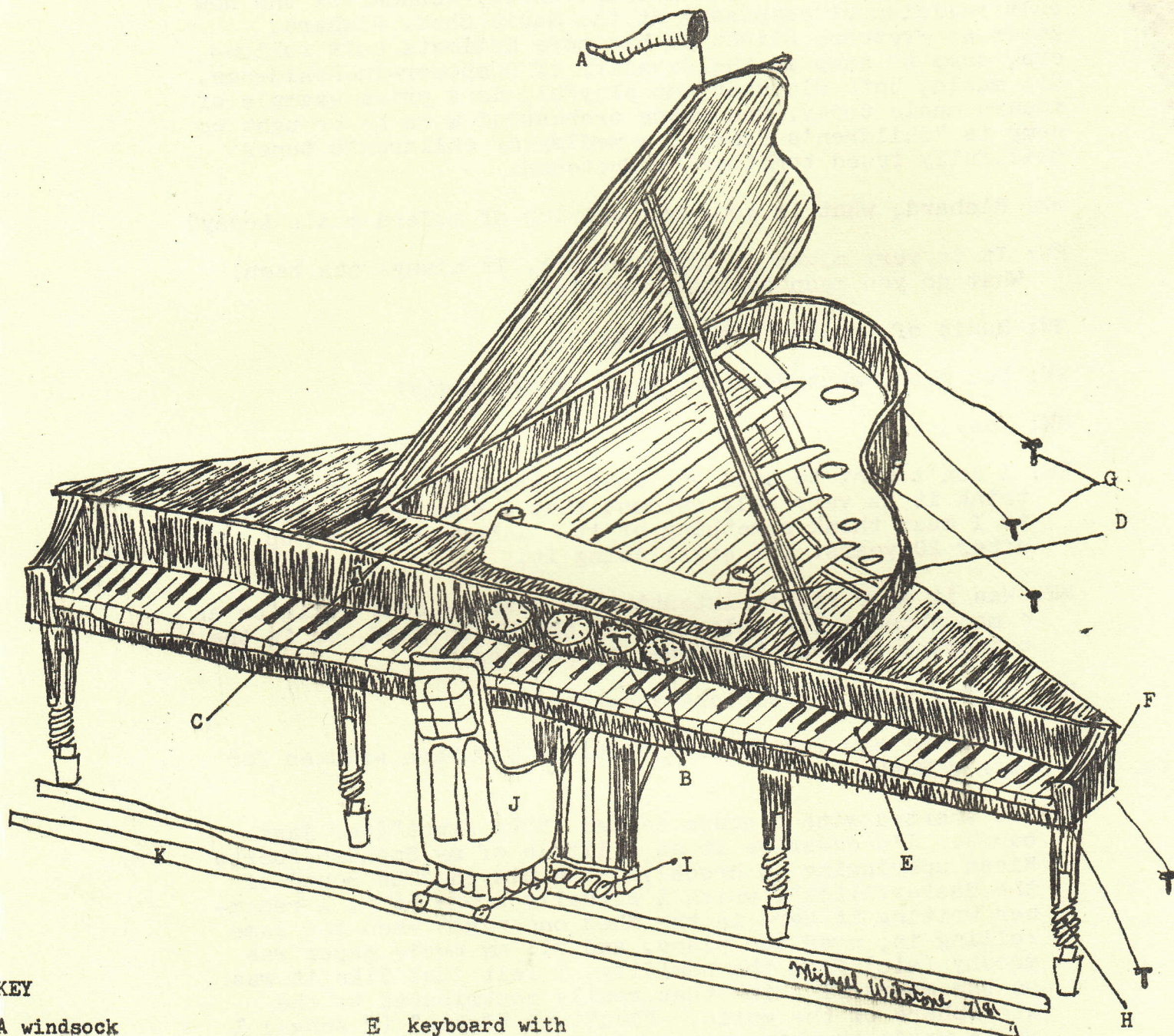
Erica can help a lot and she did. The first puppet I made was a judge and I wanted him to look mean. Erica told me to make his eyebrows point downwards. Getting the personality across is important because the audience needs to know what type of character the puppet portrays.

Once the head was finished I enjoyed making the little clothes. Some puppets take 5-7 days to make, but the ones with a lot of detail can take longer. My judge took two weeks because the wig was difficult to make.

The second puppet I made was a duck. It was easier because all I had to do was glue feathers on. They were supplied by the Costume Shop. The one thing to remember about puppets is not to get discouraged if your project doesn't look like you planned it. It could turn into something even better.

THE RICHARD WHITE PIANO

MODEL 1



KEY

A windsock

B instruments

airspeed indicator

altitude indicator

string heat indicator

hammer friction indicator

C pipe lighter

D moving electric music
holder

E keyboard with
5 extra octaves

F extra high handrails

G steel anchor pins

H heavy duty shock
absorbers

I 2 extra pedals
makes each key play a minor
second or a minor ninth

J Air Force approved ejection
seat

K track for moving seat

INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD WHITE

We are here today with Richard White, founder of the new cult religion of composers at the Music Shed. Richard, known as Wretched Blight to his more intimate cult followers, came to camp in the capacity of Composer-in-Residence. His music, both dissonant and playful, is a prime example of modern music today. One major orchestral work he brought to camp is "Children's Games", a medley of children's tunes skillfully fused together by Wretched.

MW: Richard, what is your own opinion of modern music today?

RW: It is very mixed up first of all. It always has been. What do you mean by modern music?

MW: Music of the type you write.

RW: You mean, what do I think of my own music?

MW: Yes.

RW: I don't want to tell you what I think of my own music. I think it is very self evident that I continue to write, so I must think something of it. I haven't given up after 20 years. I'm still doing it.

MW: Was it your secret intention to start a cult religion as a mad attempt for rulership of the Music Shed, or is the composing fad unintentional on your part?

RW: Do you have any serious questions?

MW: Describe the musical compositions you have written for Buck's Rock.

RW: It started with a piece called "Blue Samba" (for jazz band). I'd describe it as a little of my Spanish-Puerto Rican upbringing in Brooklyn. We played "The Hound of the Baskervilles", which I actually wrote here. I remember writing it here in the Shed one night when fog came rolling in, over the piano, and all my music paper was mooshy (sic) from the humidity. I felt just like it was on the moors. I think that really contributed to the atmosphere of the music. "Lou" and "Sybil" (2 songs) I wrote words to, kind of silly words, describing them.... what is the word....not paraphrasing.... oy vay (sic). English is not my first language, I want you to know. My first language is confusion. That's why my music is confused. "Lou" and "Sybil" was written as a gift to Lou and Sybil.

OR THE JOYS OF MODERN MUSIC

MW: Tell me about your cult followers and their music.

RW: I tell you, they're a bunch of bananas. They write nothing like I write, so I don't know how much of a cult I've got. They don't want to imitate my music, and I feel really bad. I may never come back here again.

MW: Is it true that your more dissonant music is actually made up of notes randomly selected by flicking ink at a blank sheet of manuscript paper with a plastic fork?

RW: No, I don't do that. What I do do (sic) is blow ink through my pipe. I hang a screen at the end, and turn it upside down, I blow hard, and I'll be damned, the music sounds great, Better than when I sweat over it.

MW: It has been rumored that you started to write modern music as a lifelong revenge on a C Major cadence which attacked you as a child. Is there any truth to this?

RW: No, none whatsoever. It was an E flat chord. It had a-a flattened seventh. And that destroyed me. It wouldn't sit still! The chord kept moving around. It would not rest. So when I finally got to A flat, there were four flats in the key signature, and I couldn't handle it, so I've hated music ever since.

MW: How do you like hemiquavers?

RW: Hemiquavers? Well sunny side up, of course. How would you want yours? Don't scramble them, they're hard to decipher. Next?

MW: Do you want to tell any jokes, for the record?

RW: Yes. Why couldn't they find Beethoven's teacher? Because he was Haydn. The one I really want to tell is a clean joke. What's brown and sits on top of a piano?

MW: What?

RW: Beethoven's last movement. I better stop before I get too risqué.

Michael Wetstone



DAVID FOSTER 81

THE JAZZ GROUPIE



The jazz band can take a dull piece of music and make it exciting and inspirational. How do they do this? They have an excellent horn section which gives the band a full sound, their percussion section keeps a steady beat, their guitars add grace and flair, and a bass completes the set.

I first heard about the jazz band in 1979 my first year at Buck's Rock, a day before I went to their concert. They played "Peg" by Steely Dan, and "Popsicle Toes" by Michael Franks. That night I could see my future as a jazz groupie flash before me.

After that concert I became more interested in jazz than I ever did before. I used to sleep in the music shed and dream in rhythm. I walked around camp pretending I was a saxophone. I graphitized pictures of Chick Corea, although I didn't have the slightest idea what he looked like. They weren't very good. I took gazoo lessons to try to recreate those jazz great's. I lay awake night after night humming jazz tunes. I even went from a rockacholic to a jazzmaniac (which meant selling all my Led Zeppelin and Who records and buying Charley Parker and Louis Armstrong records).

When I got home from camp I drove my friends and family crazy with jazz, jazz, jazz, so they beat me until I swore to give up jazz. But when I go to a Buck's Rock Jazz band concert my face lights up like a Christmas tree.

In all seriousness I like the jazz band's style very much, and when I leave their concerts I have a happy feeling inside.

DANCE

I walk into the Dance Hall for just another class. Time to strengthen stomach, back, and legs. Okay, plié, kick, jump, exhale, and on and on. Then, a few basic movements, but no talking. Skipping, turns, rolls and others. Once done we start rehearsing for Dance Night (this started about 3 weeks into camp.) So seemingly simple, it looks almost boring; but that's only an illusion. More emotionally and physically involved, one cannot get. "Oh, my muscles." "I ache!" "That hurts." What common and familiar phrases those are. But, that is only physical. The emotional involvement and strain constantly grips you. Things get tough preparing for Dance Night. "Okay, we have to learn 30 counts today and we'll be half done with the piece." 30 counts! We aren't sure of the other 80. We worry when we don't get it right; we get confused when Jorge teaches so fast; and we get angry when we make silly mistakes. "How is this dance ever going to work?" But when we mess up we do it again and again until we get it right. Even before the performance, one feels fulfilled and complete, because it pays off in the end. There is a certain exuberation that one feels even after one of those "boring" classes. You feel free while dancing because your body and mind are moving and working together.

by Zachary Karabell

It was crowded, and hot, and extremely delightful.

The sweat was definitely dripping down my shirt, but although I was uncomfortable and the muscles in my legs were aching unbearably, I felt a content kind of accomplishment. I wished to pull off my leg-warmers and scream, "No, I won't 'flex, point, flex, point' again! I'm not doing this for you!"

But I didn't. I just went on. Because that's just part of life.; you go on, even if sometimes you don't want to. You either say, "hey, I won't do this," and don't -- or you go on, being ruled, just like I was...

"Flex, point, flex, point..."

-- Jennifer Bernstein

The day has come. It is really August 8th. Six weeks went by in a flash. My dance and others will be performed for the last time. The different crews have begun to help us with our make-up and costumes. All the red glossy lipstick over my lips has started to dry up. The purple eyeshadow and black eyeliner have been smushed together, and stick heavily to my eyes.

Now to my hair; I've tried to get my hair into a bun about six or seven times but with my shaking hands it is no use. I asked Toni to help and she got it up in a snap. The rhinestones were the next step. Toni thought of putting rhinestones on bobbypins in my hair. She put them in a circle, and they started to sparkle as the light hit them, reflecting into the mirror.

I slowly walked into the dressing room and began to get into my first costume. The rhinestones on my purple body suit caused it to glow and come to life. As I got my black skirt on my hands were shaking at a faster and faster beat.

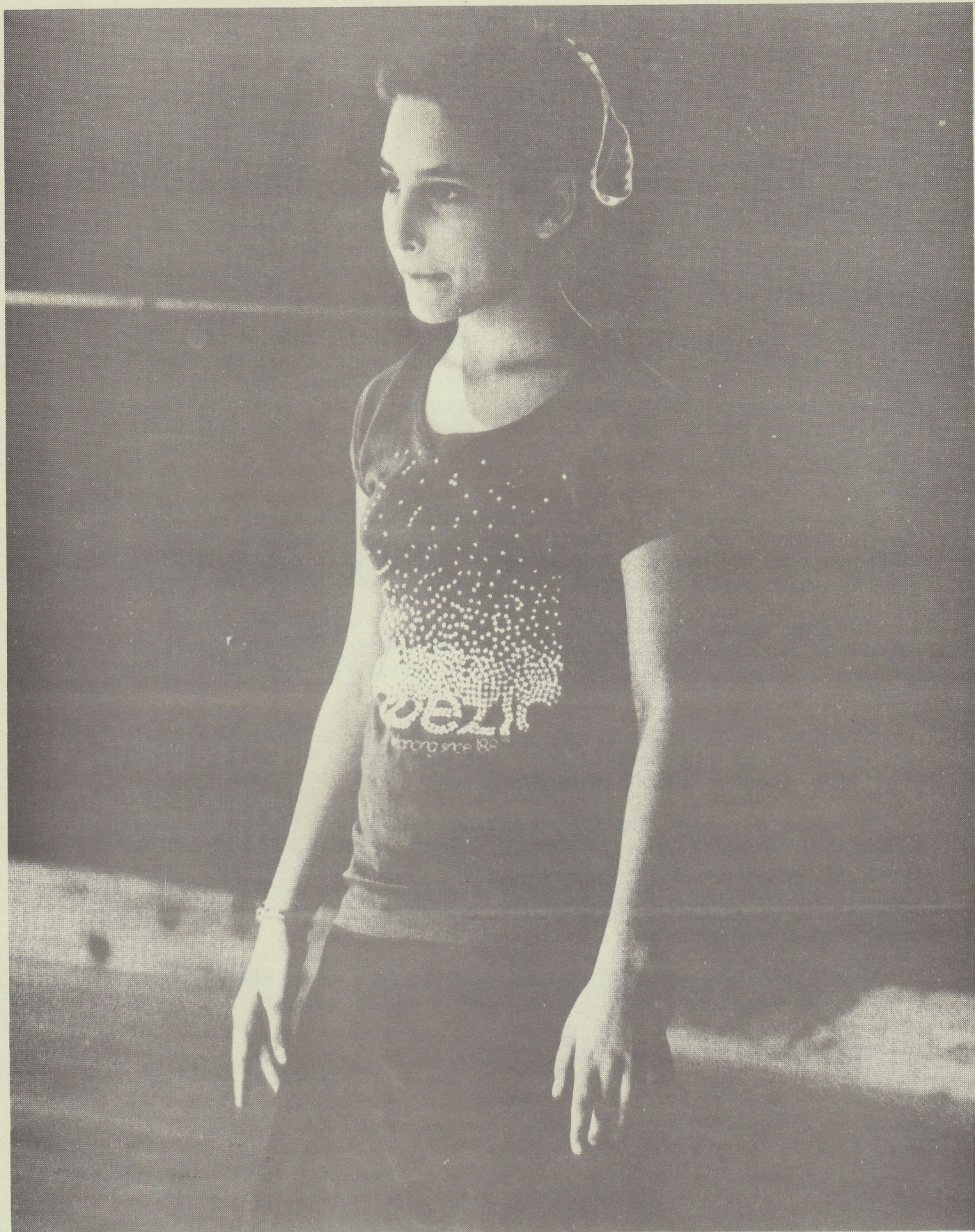
"Twelve minutes to curtain," the stage manager yelled into the costume shop. I quickly ran out to start plies and tondues. "Keep warming up until your number," were the words that Jorge had said over and over again.

Evening activity gong has just rung. I can hear the audience noise building and at the same time as being nervous. I'm very excited about going on stage.

I'm behind stage in the scene dock waiting for my dance as patiently as I can. The first dance is on. I can't believe that it is dance night. All the hard work will be over in a matter of minutes. Calm down, I repeated over and over to myself. I'm extremely nervous. I'm trying to relax but tears are coming to my eyes.

The first dance is finished. The lights have come up for the other dancers' bow. I'm on and I can't believe it!

by Mara Platt



Bugs surround you as you sit and wait for your scene, each one slowly eating you alive. Then, finally as you slap a mosquito off your leg, your entrance line arrives. You rise off the bumpy rock which had been jabbing constantly into your skin and attempt to climb the shaky cement blocks (representing stairs) to the platform. The lines are recited in such a slow and droning manner that you begin to feel dozy and your thoughts drift elsewhere. This happens just as your cue is read. A harsh voice shocks you into consciousness and your line is shoved out of your throat. "Energy! Energy!" is shouted over and over like a chant while 10 mosquitos are draining your blood.

"The
Rehearsal
Stage"

Lisa Edelstein

TWO VIEWS

on Buck's Rock

Summer Theatre

Corin Barsily

"7/29"

I sit here, on the edge of rehearsal stage, watching them practice The Hound of the Baskervilles. It's not what you'd expect a rehearsal stage to be like; formal, in places, complete seriousness. That's because this is a gabble. In place of an explanation, I'll give a description.

Nikki Feist, who plays Lady Agatha, is reading High Anxiety. She is also saying her lines, mostly accurate, but with exaggerations and little obscenities mixed in. Ilysse Feingold, or Perkins, is giving Nikki dirty looks and saying Paul Zeichner's lines before he can. Nick Gould and David Frank (the latter in mirrored sunglasses) are throwing sticks, stones and strange looks around, and untying Betsy Prenner's shirt as she screams in protest. And no one is doing what they're supposed to.

That, my unobserving readers, is an informal rehearsal. Or, as stage people might say, a "gabble".

AUDITIONS

by debbie cooper

The script lay on the table; listening, watching, waiting. Listening to the barely audible murmur of nervous voices, watching the owners of the voices, waiting to be picked up and scrutinized by the eyes of an anxious camper.

But first the script had to listen to the director's voice. The voice began by welcoming the campers to Buck's Rock Summer Theater. It then explained about summer theater, and also about the play. The director's voice went on and on, and just as the script could stand it no longer, it was lifted off the table by a pair of slightly sweaty hands. The hands turned to page 30 and a shaky voice began to read. The script listened intently. This was always its favorite part of auditions: hearing imaginary characters come to life. And, guessed the script, this camper loved to bring imaginary characters to life. The camper's voice had lost its shakiness; it was now strong, full, and very much "in character."

The script was now thoroughly enjoying itself. A sense of expectancy, of excitement, of "theatrical magic" hung in the air. The script could feel it, and these hopeful campers obviously felt it too. The script heard many campers reading many different scenes. Some campers read with more feeling than others, some read too quickly, too slowly, too quietly. Some campers awed the script with their skill, other campers made the script cringe as they destroyed a particularly beautiful or meaningful scene. But the script realized that these campers were trying their hardest, were giving their all to these auditions, and it respected them all for trying. As it watched, the director and the assistant director were busily observing, whispering, taking notes. It wished that everyone could get a part, although this was certainly impossible.

Now the director's voice was speaking again. It said,
"Thank you for trying out. You were all excellent, and we
wish we could call everyone of you back. The call-back list
will be posted at lunch today. Thank you again."

The auditions were over. The script watched the campers
leave the audition area - some running away excitedly,
others shuffling off disappointedly. It heard the chatter
of a hundred different tongues. "I think I did so bad."

"I'd love to play so and so."

"Wasn't that girl great?"

"How can I live until the list goes up?!"

The script felt itself being lifted off the table by the
cool hands of the assistant director, and carried off with
its fellow scripts. As it was being put away on a dark
shelf, it wondered what it would be like to be a camper
trying out for a show; to enter the wonderful world of
auditions and theater.

SUMMER

by Nina Lesser

THEATER

While the hammering of the construction crew is
working hard on a new set,
LSD is trying to fit music to the play.
Lights are going on and off,
in different colors to create different moods.
And actors are rehearsing lines to themselves
While the sun spreads its warmth over me.

Surrounded by movement
I can still feel alone.
Where will I go to be alone when the summer is over and
camp is through?

THE COSTUME SHOP

It's Saturday outdoor dinner. Your counselor is dressed like a fool. It's Thursday evening and you stroll by the tennis courts. You see 32 counselors dressed as knights and rooks. And what about the royal wedding?

Who was responsible for all this? Where did they get these unique costumes?

- a) Lou & Sybil's cabin
- b) Villa Maria
- c) Salvation Army
- d) Buck's Rock Costume Shop

Answer:

It is located just behind the summer theater and only a minute walk from the dining hall. Not only does the costume shop provide costumes for these strange events at Buck's Rock, but the counselors Toni, Lorna, and Chelsea, along with the crew, design and construct costumes for the summer theater.

The costume running crew has many functions. They must first check the performers' costumes to make sure they are clean and free of wrinkles. Then they are given a list of many difficult changes to be done backstage during the performance. The crew is responsible for meeting their actor/actress and for learning the costume changes.

It's the night of the performance. The costumes have been checked and the crew, equipped with safety pins, is ready to go to work. The lights go out and the crew is quiet. The crew waits impatiently until the scene is over. Then, the backstage action begins. The crew members rush towards the actors preparing to change pants, jackets, vests, ties or full evening dress into new costumes all in 60 seconds.

They've done it! The performers are ready to begin the next scene in their new costumes. The excitement dies down as the crew returns to playing with a Rubik's cube while they wait for the action to begin again. It is all worth while when the play ends and the actors and actresses thank you for a job well done.

Elissa Leif and Corinne Schiff

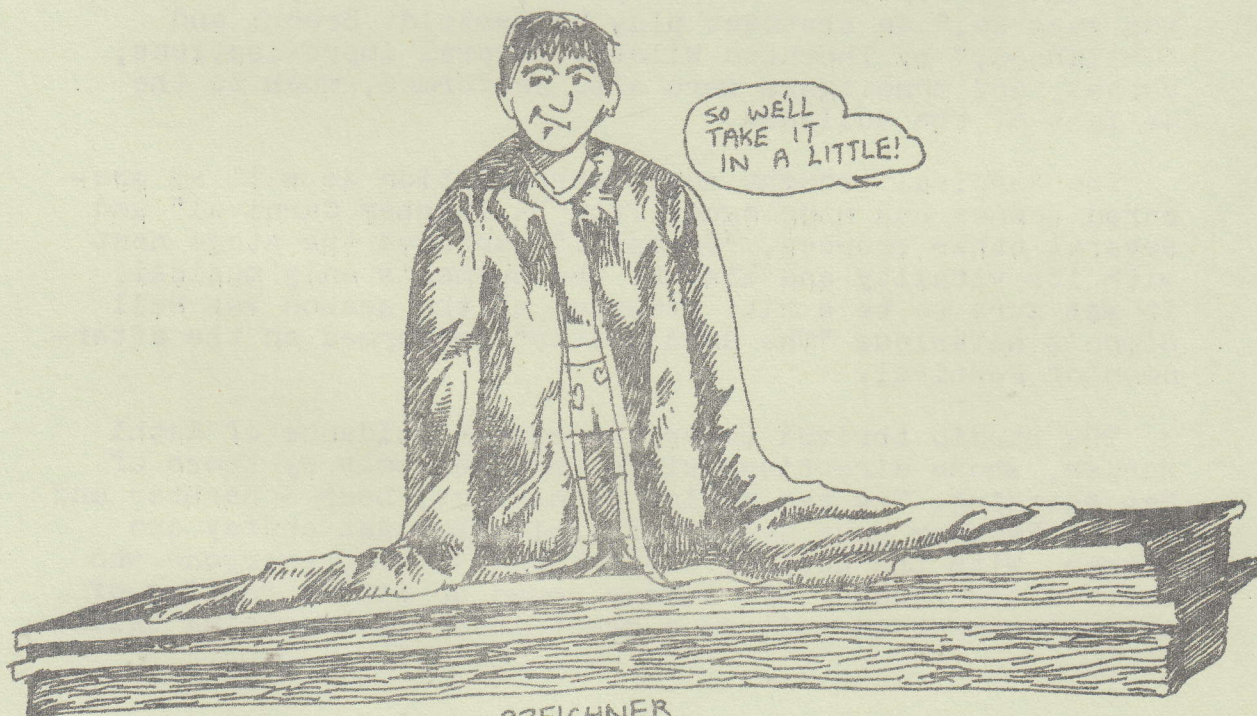
When there is a show or talent night coming up the costume shop is a busy place. Everybody is trying clothes on at the same time, and it's my job to take them down, hang them up and sign them in and out. I'm having a great time while all this lunacy is going on.

During Orientation II, Kira and I had a lot of fun dressing up in costumes to show new campers what the shop had to offer them. As we modeled these costumes we had a lot of fun, but I did feel a little silly.

Kira was dressed as a medieval princess, and I was dressed in a purple and blue dress with a purple parasol, a very southern Belle dress.

And I said, "Costume crew is a lot of fun."

by Stephanie Kaster



PZEICHNER
1014
'14

Actor's Studio

by Michael F. Rinzler

What are Freaches, Zoom, and Gully-Gully? No, they are not the Andrew Sisters, they are theatre games, intended to develop an actor's awareness and improvisational skills. This summer, thirty to forty people gathered every morning to improve their acting technique and have fun at the same time.

A large part of the time was spent on improvisation, an important facet of the actor's repertoire. A person might be asked to imitate a pencil sharpener or be one of two siamese twins. It's all in a day's work. Discussions also were held, the topics ranging from directors to privacy.

In addition to the morning sessions, rehearsals were held in the afternoon for several productions. "The Studio Experience" consisted of two plays, "He who says Yes...He who says No," an abstract play by Bertoldt Brecht and "Childhood," by Thornton Wilder. Several improvisations, scenes, and monologues were also performed, much to the delight of the audience.

The Carnival brought more improvisation as well as prepared scenes and monologues from "A Thurber Carnival" and several other sources. "Godspell" captured the stage next with its vitality and wisdom. The summer's only musical, it was sure to be a hit. Wrapping up the season was Neil Simon's hilarious "The Good Doctor" performed on the afternoon of Festival.

The Studio thrived under the expert guidance of Kathi Harper, whose directing skills were met only by those of her teaching. The two junior counselors, Leah Schachter and Joanne Reither gave freely of their abundant energy and warmth. With the help of these three women, everyone who entered the Studio this summer wound up with a feeling of accomplishment as well as a great increase in acting talent.

The Makeup Crew

Make up is one of the few things which transforms the relaxed and enjoyable rehearsals of a production into the excitement of the actual performance. It is during the rehearsal that the performance is pieced together. Techniques are introduced and improved upon. The performance is the end result of the work of those involved in the show's execution.

The first night that this final product begins to emerge is the night of dress rehearsal. It is at this time that make-up and costumes are added to the show. For the first time the production emerges as a whole. The excitement builds backstage. Approximately two hours before the show a transformation takes place; actors who had been trying to play the parts of other people are physically changed. This transformation signifies the climax of the production. Suddenly everything becomes real.

For the make up artist, this is an especially exciting moment. To be responsible for the physical metamorphosis of a 15 year old male into a 65 year old man is a very satisfying feeling. By the time the show begins the 15 or 20 teens have become characters found only in books or scripts.

Much work goes into the makeup change. Meetings are called two weeks before the show by Dave McCormack and Chris Oliviera, the makeup coordinators. Characters are studied thoroughly for personal traits which must be reflected in their physical appearance. Finally the artist, using the back of his hand as a palette, puts all this research and planning to use. Often through the use of special make-up such as latex, incredible aging effects are achieved. By curtain time, each performer 'magically' becomes the one he or she must portray...and the show begins.

Yael Osterweil

Summer Theater: Sets

And now, let's give those set people a hand. No, no, that never happens, or does it. Day after day, building, cutting, nailing is all that is done with no end in sight. "How is this ever going to work out or look good?" The work is intricate, exhausting, and fascinating. "Oh, my arm hurts from all that hammering." But who can hammer if you don't have the right size piece of wood? "Too long, cut off an eighth of an inch." Ugh! At times, there are so many people and so much noise from machines and people, that you could go crazy. There are also times though, that two or three people are working and it's peaceful and a pleasure to work. Then, at the end of the day, when you see wood cut and put together, or a flat on the platform, you feel satisfied. Along comes tech week, and with it, touchups. The set structure is finished and it's time to put on molding, pictures, lights, and furniture. Finally, in two or so weeks, the sets are done; the actors are going to perform; and you sit back and watch. The show ends; it's time for destruction. Twenty or more people rush onto the set, and within ten minutes the set is being taken apart. "What can I tear down?!" "Grab the flat." "Watch out." At the end of an hour and a half, two to three weeks of building and toil is reduced to scrap wood. There is jubilation, but there is also a quiet sadness in the knowledge that it's over. Still, you know that the sets have enhanced the acting; and it's worth the moment when those people applaud, because it's for you as well.

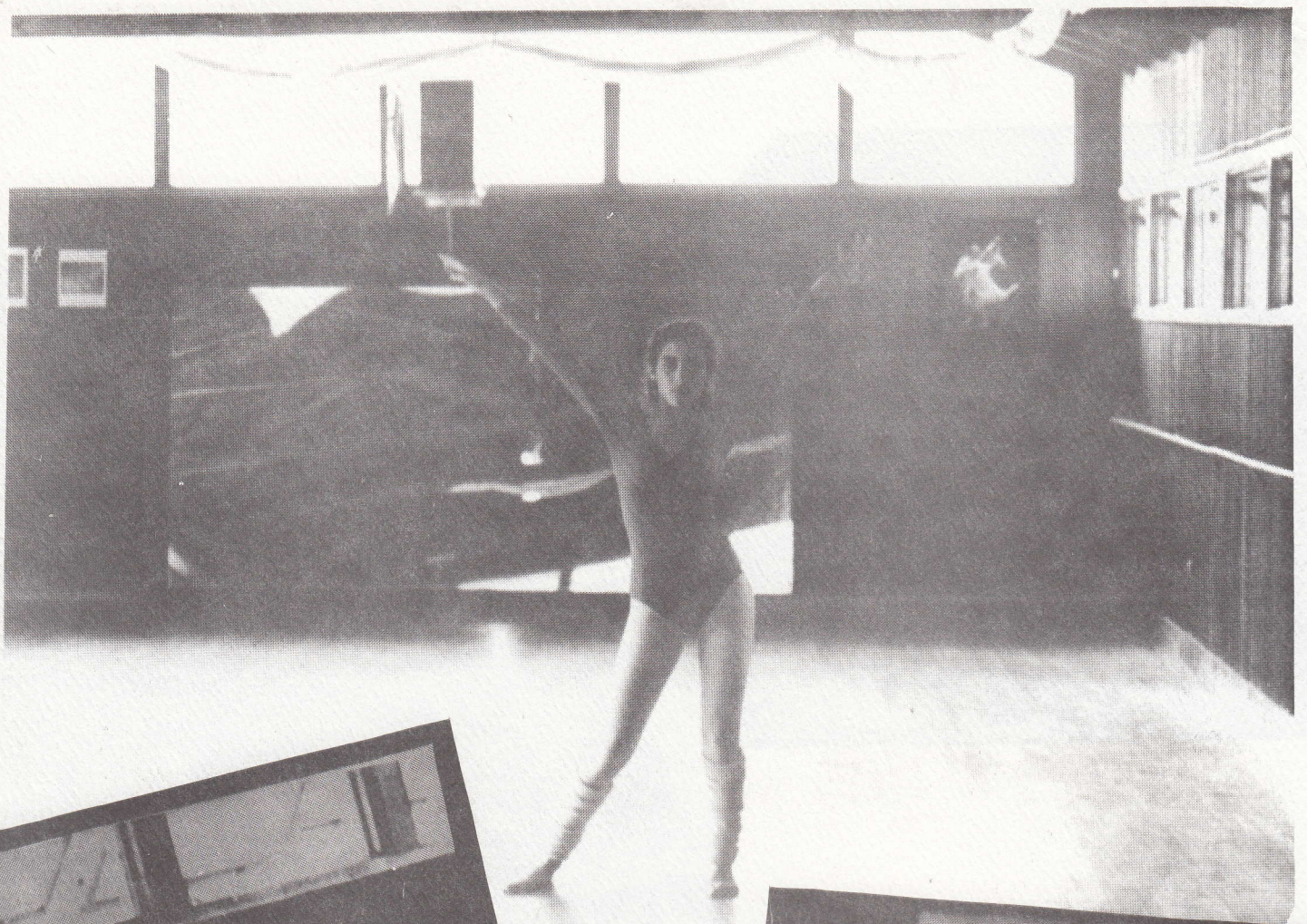
by Zachary Karabel

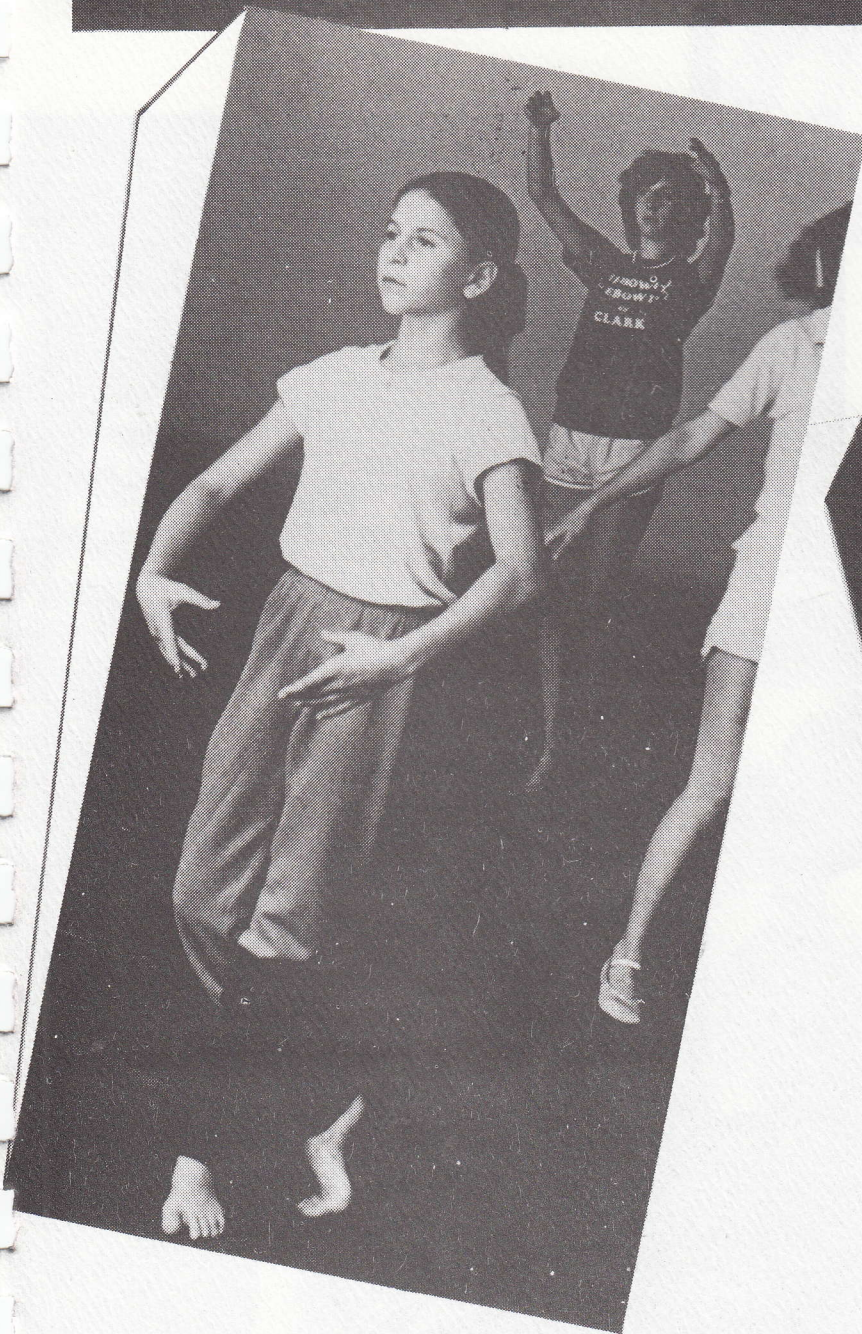
Stage Lighting

There is a place at the summer theatre that few people know about. This is the lighting and sound booth. So that you'll know more about this place, I'll tell you what goes on there. In lighting, first we hang the lights on the rafters over the stage and then focus them so there is a smooth but bright light on the stage. Then these lights are hooked up to a somewhat large household dimmer to control intensities and produce effects that are needed for dramatic feeling in a play. After a week of this kind of work comes the show. The booth manager follows the script and tells the people at the board when to turn the lights down, or off or on. Lighting gets ready again for another show, and this process begins once again.

by Howard Mann









"2006"

There were many aggravating moments in Jody Boston's life. This was not any different. He was playing pinball in a coffee shop; if this waitress had not kept bothering him, he might have gotten another game for free. He inserted another \$1.25. This time, the waitress kept her obese mouth shut, and he got the free game.

All this time, a policeman had been eying Jody curiously. Then, he walked up to Boston and said, "So I see you got yourself another free game, mister."

"Yup," replied Jody. The officer quickly snapped a pair of handcuffs on Jody. The officer said, "You hide cleverly, but not for a long time."

As though denying his handcuffs, Jody jumped onto the police officer and ripped off his belt, fumbling for the keys to the handcuffs, but no luck. He kicked the officer in the face and made a break for the door on the right, which he found to be locked; so he jumped right through it.

When he looked straight ahead, he saw why he was being sought: the policeman who he had assaulted some months ago. Even worse, the cop was standing with a rather large gun, pointed directly at Jody. And Jody knew this policeman's motto: "Don't get mad. Get even." Jody Boston knew this was exactly what this policeman wanted to do.

The man with the gun pointed at Jody Boston was a veteran police officer named Alan Fitzgerald. Boston had suspicions about Fitzgerald's virtue; he was caught participating in unlawful acts, and got off by a bribe or blackmail. His most recent one contained rape, arson, looting, stabbing, and rape (he liked rape) and got off by blackmailing his wife.

Boston was wondering who was going to be blackmailed when he was shot.

"Goodbye, Mr. B.!" said Alan in an intentionally fake Nazi accent. Just as the shot rang out, Jody lifted his cuffs up to speeding bullet; the cuffs were broken in half. Without thinking twice, Alan lunged at Mr. B. and punched him out.

Alan could not reach his gun. He therefore lit a match, and threw it at Jody. The throw was a successful one, and hit Jody's left sleeve. Jody tore it off and threw it away... right into the coffee shop.

In minutes, the restaurant was in flames. Everyone got out safely. Alan kicked Jody in the groin with all his might, and saw his chance. The pistol lay among the flames, but it would be easy to get. Without wasting a second, he grabbed the pistol in Alan's hand, aimed -- suddenly, Alan dropped the gun and screamed; he had picked up a red-hot gun!

Jody jumped on the gun, and shot Fitzgerald right through a scar on his forehead.

After making sure Alan was dead, he inspected his stuff. Jody then came across a piece of paper that said Alan forever swore loyalty to the Godfather! Alan was a mafia man!

Jody was on the run again; this time from the mafia.

by Daniel Bukszpan

This Way Out by Liz Sher

"Valium is a more powerful drug than most people think. As a matter of fact, many doctors prescribe Valium as a tranquilizer everyday, without giving it a second thought. It is extremely easy to become addicted to it." Mr. Goldstone, our social studies teacher was describing a magazine article to the class. He's really a sweet guy, but he has lousy taste. He wears some suits that I wouldn't want to be buried in.

"Edward, you have a question?"

"Yeah," he said, with a distinct crack in his voice. The class broke out in spontaneous laughter. Although I thought it was funny, the poor guy must've been so embarrassed. I tried to stifle my chuckle to no avail.

Rapping on his desk with a ruler, Goldstone said, "O.K. quiet down." The class fell silent and Edward continued.

"I read somewhere that this woman tried to kick the valium habit cold turkey, and she got very sick," he said, curiously.

"Yeah, I read about that. The problem in her case, was besides the normal withdrawal symptoms-nausea, shaking, etc,-she kicked it on her own, without any medical assistance. In any kind of drug addiction, this can be very dangerous, and she suffered more than she had to, because of this..." Any other questions?"

At the end of class, I went over to Mr. Goldstone's desk.

"What can I do for you?" he inquired.

"Well, I was just curious; how many valiums would it take to overdose?" He stopped what he was doing and looked up at me, a little startled. Hesitantly, he spoke.

"Actually, valium is one of the most difficult drugs to o.d. on. It would take something stronger-like a street drug. And of course it all depends on your resistance..." he trailed off, realizing what he was saying. Then, smiling nervously, he said, "Why--are you planning on poisoning someone?" I couldn't tell whether or not he was serious.

"No, really, I was just curious, that's all," I said.

"Oh, by the way...I love your suit!"

"Oh, really? Thank you!" He winked at me and I left.

The pills lay on the table.

Well, I was just curious; how many valium would it take to overdose?

They seemed to beckon me, luring me into their trap.

Actually, valium is one of the most difficult drugs to o.d. on...

My heart and head pounded in unison as I began to reach for them, and their ultimately soothing comfort.

It would take something stronger...

Grabbing a glass of water and a handful of my brother's multicolored pills, I began taking them two at a time.

...like a street drug...

Two...four...six...I was losing count. It didn't matter; each one was a victory for me.

And of course, it all depends on your resistance...

'This'll show them,' I thought. 'No more of this bullshit. I don't want any part of it. All I want to do is sleep. Sleep would be the answer. Then I'll wake up and...wait a minute. I'll never wake up again.'

I quickly pushed the thought aside, arguing that I didn't have any reason, anyone or anything to wake up for. I managed to do the last five at one time as if to confirm my point.

I slowly wandered around the house, tired and dizzy. I had to stop occasionally to rest. I touched everything I could, for this was my farewell to my room, my home and my life. Climbing the stairs, I put the suicide note where Mom would find it, and returned to my room. I felt serenity and peacefulness descend upon me. Smiling triumphantly, I fell fast asleep.

Why? Are you planning on poisoning someone?

("This Way Out" is a section of a novel-in-progress.)

Our Son

The first things I ever saw were the two of you. You expected me to see what you were but all I saw were the characters that you were supposed to play.

I had assumed that you had brought me here for my benefit only. You would try and make me strong.

I thought that strength was never leaning on someone but to have them lean on me. So, in order to be strong, I pushed you away from me. I expected you to keep pulling me back, but eventually, you let go.

I remember, before you let go of me you had said, "Don't you feel the emptiness?" And I had answered back, "How can I miss something that was never there? I have never loved and I never will. Love is what makes people weak."

Now, all I can hope for is forgiveness. I want to love you but I don't know who you are. I am afraid to come back to you. You will probably reject me like I did you. Without your love I am nothing. All I will ever be is alone.

Carolyn Raskin

Untitled by Claudia Bukszpan

Things'll be okay for you baby
Because you know you've got what it takes
And though it's a cold world outside
It's your mind not your soul that aches.

Because God knows they'll take away your mind
And they're sure as hell gonna smash your heart
But so long as you fight on
They can't tear your world apart.

So while others doubt you
And get caught up in the haze
Fight for what you believe in
All your struggling days

And if one day you find it-
That thing you hold so true-
You'll realize what you've sought, dear-

It's you.

Mitchell Pascal Haiku

Swaying with the breeze
Lively Color
Morning-Glory Ecstasy

The summer evening sun
red-yellow brilliance
setting beneath
dark ridged mountain tops
descending out of sight
slowly
vibrant shades disappear.

7 O'clock Under The Oak Tree

The Squirrel

a little squirrel
runs up the giant oak,
from branch to branch
until he reaches the top,
where the brilliant view
makes him feel enormous:
the people so small
in this little one's eyes,
he notices them all
yet only I
notice him

by Mitch Remson

There are trees on the mountain
or is it moss on a rock?
The tree is color coordinated with
yellow and green

People take roads for granted
roads should be honored and respected
a religion should be started
everyone would crawl on a road
kissing it continuously, until they reached
a road the road that deserved the
most credit, the road that never
complained or gave up and then...then
maybe an offspring of the religion:
a new tribe that worshipped bridges.

by Nora Daniel

A symphony of nature
Spreads itself out before me.
Leafy green notes joined
By harmonious golden glints.
The music swells, grows
More beautiful.
Suddenly a false note.
A note of discord
Growing more and more evident.
Man-made
Shingles painted silver
Stare me in the face.
They taunt me.
They say
"Look at us. We're
Out of place.
We're destroying your symphony,
But we're here to stay."
No they aren't.
I close my eyes,
And my visual music
Returns,
Minus the silver.

by Debbie Cooper



The green of the plants is mixed with the shining yellow of the slowly setting sun. The crickets chirp as do the birds. But wait-there is more. The usually simple scene is being invaded by humans. Plastic garbage cans and noisy people now cover the greenery. The once fresh air is filled of the smell of a dinner past. The chirping is distorted by the shouts of people, the rumbling of cars, and the loud beat of a drum. On one side, the invading city folk carry on a discussion with their counselors, and off in the distance softball coach shouts to his players. Neither nature nor the invaders win out in this situation, instead, they blend into a co-existing reality.

by Seth Rosenthal

The Sunset

The sun sets under the trees and I'm glad, because it's been a bad day. My allergies have been acting up today, taking me out of all the shops I like.

I'm glad most of the bees are asleep -- when they're asleep they leave you alone. The sun is almost at its weakest. When it's at its strongest it makes my clothes stick to my skin, which makes for a very uncomfortable day.

The sad part about the sun setting is that you have one less day for anything you're doing.

--- Saul Streit

Under the Tree

I lie on my back about ten feet from the trunk of the Oak Tree. Here is what I see:

A branch hangs about 8 feet over my head with bright green leaves staring down at me. I see the light blue sky through the numerous holes that caterpillars have bored in them.

They are shaking gently as though they nervously await something. Higher up are more leaves. Each leaf looks like the clone of one original leaf, until I look closely and see the slight, almost poetic differences. Each has been chewed to a different degree.

"Damn you lowly caterpillars," I say under my breath, and I hear what sounds like divine thunder. "Oh no! I am being smitten by Heaven." Then I realize it is only the sound of drums from a practice shed. A sound I have dreaded since my brother got a drum set.

Then I think, "Write it down! Maybe they'll put it in the yearbook!" I pick up my pencil. I look at the blue lines spaced evenly on the paper I write.

---Eric Young

It is sunset. I hear the background noises of the other campers. Some walk along the paths chatting with other. Some are involved with games of their own choice. But other signs of life are not beneath my notice. I hear the buzz of a bee, feel a crawling ant and then catch the chirp of the crickets. I relax and take in the air, then the smell of the grass and the less natural scent of tar. Signs of man are all around but I appreciate the nature, looking at the flowers, and gazing at the trees. I begin to notice the different shadings of the tops of the trees which strike me as suitable subjects for paintings. The variety of ways that the lights catch the leaves attracts me. But then I feel a chill of the coming evening. New scents seem to come to me. I notice now the presence of man and hear the sound of nearby talk around me. I begin to shiver. The cool of evening comes upon my thoughts.

by Jody Marcus

Sitting on the lawn now reminds me of another time one and a half weeks ago on a Saturday: smiling parents and ancient makeup covered grandparents swarmed across the lawn.

This crazy bored maintenance man would come barreling down the hill on roller skates every now and then, leaping past children, occasionally stooping low to pick up speed, as I watched I saw he had this wonderful malicious grin on his face.

A group relatives had paused to sit on the bench around the tree across from the ping-pong tables--I watched with amusement the looks of horror that crossed their faces as this guy skated wildly down the road. They couldn't understand it, the flower-print grandmother sneered in disgust, old dark brown suit grandpa just stared bug-eyed. The aunts shook grey heads in wonder but the maintenance man just came shooting down again--whish past an old dog--slish skidding by three girls in sixty-dollar pants ending by the badminton court while I laughed hysterically.

by Daniel Pinchbeck

10 a.m. by Lisa Cooper

The air sticks to
my skin
 the trees try to brush
 the gray away
I sit here surrounded
by empty benches
and wait
 for the rain to come.

by Nikki Feist

Things change and move on
Be prepared
Be prepared.

Is it time to move apart?
Your friends are within you
can you discard them
if you don't agree?
How do they see what you
think...

Who is right
who is wrong
who is dead
who is gone?

Is it the old you,
dead
buried

under the tissues that make up your new
'maturity'?
Think of truth
and think of consequences.

Speaking Freely About Buck's Rock

It's Always hard for me to get into writing so I decided to write freely what I think and feel without worrying about meter or rhyme scheme, etc. I don't want to start, "When I first came to Buck's Rock..." so I won't. I think I'll treat this as a journal entry, perhaps in the style of J.D. Salinger when he wrote his Catcher In The Rye.

Next Monday I'm looking forward to seeing my mother come down from Albany. Too bad my father isn't coming with her. When I first insisted on her "visitation" two weeks ago, I had begged her to come. But as I am gradually becoming "a piece of the rock," I feel that instead of waiting for my mother's arrival as a prisoner awaits his bailer, I look eagerly to her arrival as a chance to show her my place in the busy network of Buck's Rock.

During previous camp experiences, I used to long for visiting day with all the fervor of a damsel in distress awaiting the Great Rescue. It seems that many of the campers felt that way. Perhaps this shows how much the campers felt as if the camps were in control of them rather than as if they were in control of their camps. Instead of wanting to separate myself from Buck's Rock I want to share Buck's Rock with my family and friends, showing them how I've become involved in the many interesting and diverse activities. "Mommy," I can hear myself saying, "there's just not enough hours in the day to accomplish all that I want to do."

I can remember Lou and Sybil's orientation speech. I was overwhelmed - to say the least. But surely as the days went by, I could feel myself becoming more and more aware and tuned into the activities and announcements that interested me. Met by many "hi's" and "hello's" during the day, I feel I can be an individual as far as my feelings and creativity, yet always have the comfort of friends and others to share with, increasing my circle at Buck's Rock.

On the 24th, when I am packed and ready to go, I'll take many projects with me and as Lou said "your own piece of Buck's Rock." I hope it will fit!

by Michelle Freshman

A FRIE

Ding-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling, ding-a-ling.

"Hello," Susan said.

"Hello, Susan? It's Ellen."

"Oh, hi! What's up?"

"Are you ready to go? We're coming to pick you up in five minutes."

"O.K., I'll wait outside."

* * *

We got to the house, and Susan was waiting outside.

Oh, puke. I thought. She looked sooo pretty. I hadn't done my hair (dum dum dumm). How can I walk into the party at the same time as her?

"Hi, El!"

"Hi, Sue! You look so nice!" I said.

"Thanks," Susan said.

I felt like saying; you're supposed to say, "you look nice too" but I kept silent.

I saw the pool up ahead.

"Bye, Mom. Thanks for the lift."

"Thanks, Mrs. Chatmin" Susan said.

NDSHIP

We got to the pool and Susan took off her cover and went into the water. She was wearing her \$80 bikini which she happens to look super in.

I watched the boys swarm around her as bugs do to bug juice.

Oh. how I hate her! Well, maybe I don't hate her, maybe I'm just jealous. She has everything I have in five colors and sizes.

* * *

"Bye, bye, bye!"

"I think that's everybody!"

"Susan, you ready to go?"

"Yea."

As we walked back to Susan's house I mumbled, "I'm so glad to get away from the party."

"What did you say?"

She then told me what a super-duper time she had and how Stephen and Peter asked her out.

When we got to her house her mom asked me in a really weird tone if I'd wait in the living room. So, I did, till a few minutes later when I heard a scream. I came running in.

"Mmmy uncle died!" Susan said, and began crying on my shoulder. I loved caring and being there.

Oh, you ask who Susan is. Well, she's my best friend.

Lori Schneider

I could not believe they were going to keep me here. My parents were sending my sister, Anna, to the planet Iscondar and keeping me here on this wretched planet. My sister and I had always been especially close to each other, and from then on the only time I'd see her was her occasional visits home for the holidays.

We didn't have much longer to be together, because the interplanetary shuttle leaves when the fifth sun goes below the horizon. We had counted three already.

We were sitting by the eastern window, not saying a word I could almost feel what she was thinking. The robot came in and called us to the last family dinner together. Throughout the meal, our parents told Anna how lucky she was to be going to one of the finest schools in the galaxy. They paid no attention to the sad looks on our faces. They sat excitedly talking about the new school as though we weren't there. I wanted to tell them how sad I was, but I could not get the words out. I knew my sister was as sad as I was underneath her forced smile.

As the fifth sun sank below the horizon, I waved goodbye to Anna through the station window. I thought I heard her say something to me, but I knew this couldn't be so, because the rocket had already taken off.

In the middle of the night I thought I heard my sister crying. The sound was so clear I felt that she was sitting next to me. Underneath the crying I heard thoughts of another person...I had thoughts that weren't mine. Then I began to cry.

* * * *

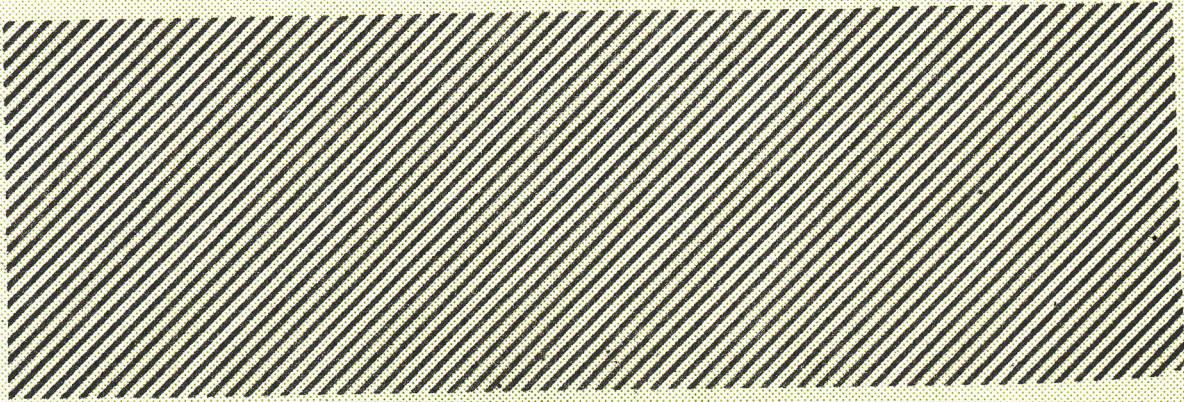
I wish I hadn't done so well on the test. I wish I could have made just a few mistakes, and then I wouldn't have had to leave my sister Trina there. I know how she hates that planet. I know she wanted to come with me to school. But she was too young. Between us, age doesn't make any difference. We were always very close. I can't bear to be without her.

As we sat there silently by the eastern window, I wanted to say something to her, but I felt that she knew what I wanted to say. I was going to ask her if this was true, but just then the robot came in and called us to go to dinner. After two more suns went down I would have to say my last goodbye. My parents talked cheerfully about my new school. I knew I should feel happy about going to such a good school, but I could not think of being away from my sister. I forced myself to smile to please my parents. I could see that my sister wanted to tell them something, but they just weren't listening.

As the shuttle took off, I was thinking of Trina. Somehow I knew that she was thinking of me. I could feel her presence near me. In the middle of the night I kept thinking of the widening gap between us, and began to cry. Then I heard a cry that was not my own. It was Trina's. She was thinking of me, I could feel it. I asked her, in my mind, if she could hear me, and I heard her answer yes.

Deborah Greenberg and Jahna Shifman





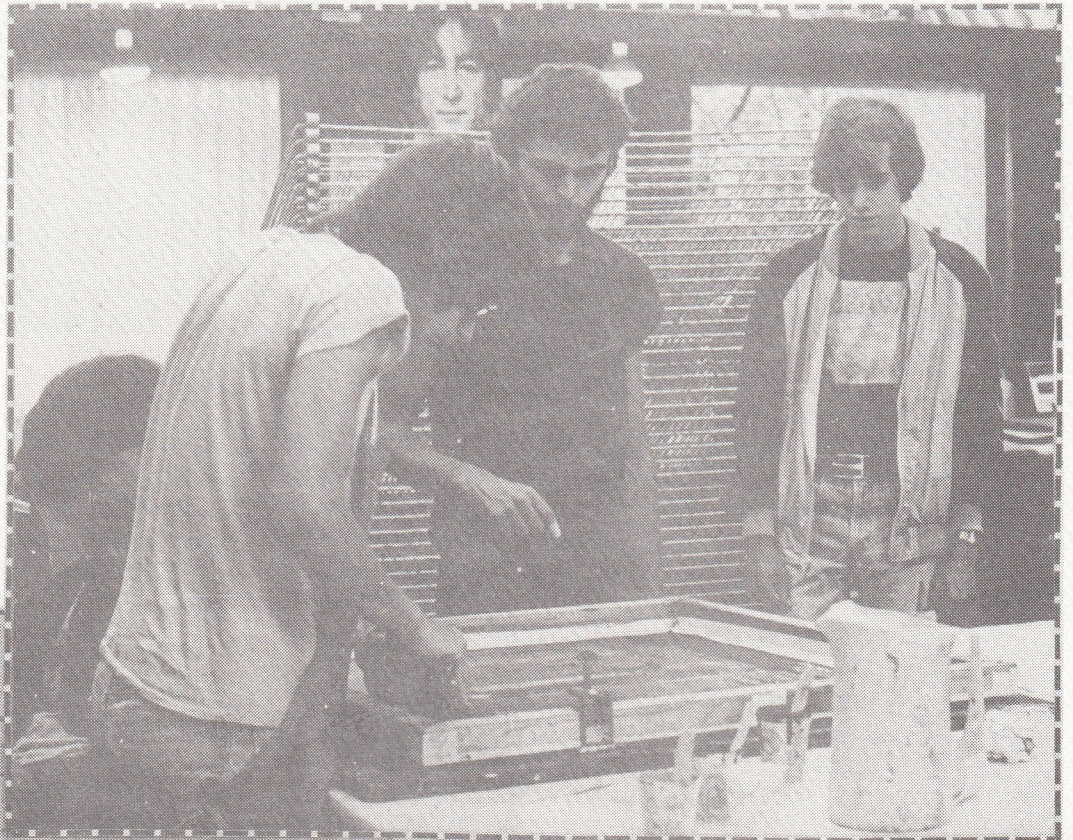
Life was so different on the inside and the outside. It was two separate worlds, but the strange thing was I knew both. One minute life would be only routine and nothing else, until the door was opened and you were invited in. All other life would be forgotten. It was almost an after-life -- or a before-life. Only the heartbeat would be there to prove a living thing.

Have you ever been put to sleep by a heartbeat? I don't know how long it really was, although it seems not far in the past. It was humid summer. The trees and people were coated with the sweat of summer and its discomforts.

There was the slightest breeze from a nearby fan, which just caressed me lightly as I lay relaxed on the bed. My body was close to another's, but although it was hot I did not hesitate to be near. I could smell summer, the wood, and the trees nearby. I had never been so close to another person. I mean, I had been, but not so silent. We just lay there, so close I could hear our heartbeats and breathing conflict. I wanted to sleep, to sink as far as I could into the bed, but the heartbeat haunted my every thought. It's not that I didn't like it, it soon comforted me to know even with my eyes closed there was somebody next to me. I don't know if during that time I actually slept, but my thoughts did, every thought almost careless except for its end.

The doors would open. Moments would be forgotten. The almost-still air and thoughtlessness would fade. We all knew it would happen. It was not to be dreaded though. It had to be accepted.

- Jennifer **B**ernstein



"Soon you will return to your familiar surroundings...there will be questions that you will be asking yourself, and only you will know the answers. If your eye has learned to see what it has not seen before and if your ear has heard what it did not hear before; if your mind opened to new ideas and your heart to new feelings; if you have gained new courage, then Buck's Rock will have fulfilled its purpose..."

Yearbook, 1958

"My insights will increase as I create and thus confront myself..."

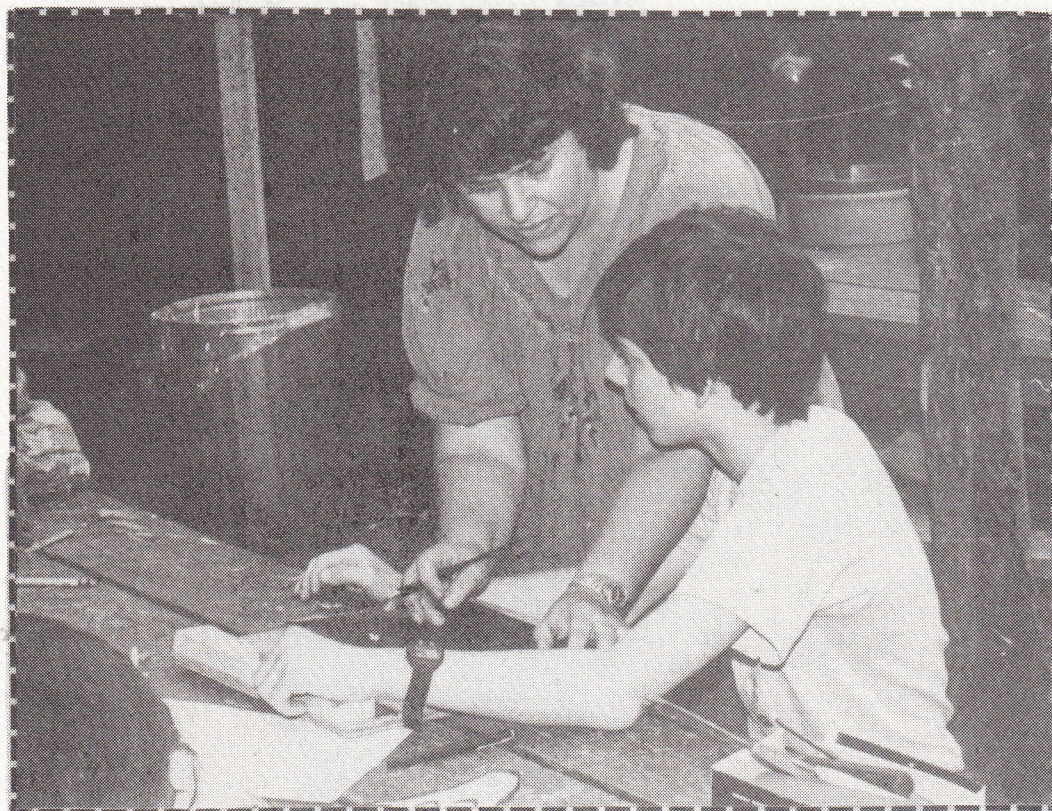
"We can look back, but even as I write these words, we continue to change..."

Yearbook, 1977

"...it always lacks its most important elements when it is dark and empty..."

"So perhaps life's a little more right now..."

Yearbook, 1964





One of Many Visits to Canteen

As I stand on line at the canteen a single thought runs through my mind, over and over again: they'd better have frozen M&M's!

Apparently I'm not the only one still hungry after today's lunch of bean-infested chili and ancient rice, for there's already a waiting line here as long as the daily announcements. I glance at the other campers hungry for "good" food without really paying attention to them. I'm much too busy deciding if, after all, I shouldn't buy the M&M's. I just had them yesterday, and there are so many different kinds of candy here. Maybe I should get a Peppermint Patty or a Go Ahead or a Milky Way or a Twix.

Ah, finally they're opening the windows, revealing a well-stocked canteen. Everyone on line looks expectantly at the shelves full of tissues, toothpaste, flashlights, and of course, food. Besides the aforementioned candy, a Buck's Rock camper can buy ice cream, yogurt, soda, juice, or gorp. As the harried looking counselors bustle around the canteen taking campers' orders, a thought hits me. Maybe I shouldn't get anything at canteen at all today. I've been buying junk food here everyday for weeks. It's expensive, and when added to several cookies at snack each day, I've been taking in many more calories than I should be. I'll practice my will power. That's what I'll do! I'll lose the weight I've gained by resisting the temptation to to--

"Yes, what's your name and what do you want?"

"Uh, Debbie Cooper. I'll have a frozen Peppermint Patty, a Milky Way, and five pretzels. Oh, and by the way, do you have any Diet Pepsi?"

by Debbie Cooper

Two Summers

Dejected and still feeling out of place after a week and a half at camp, I wandered into the Pub Shop. Drawn into friendly chaos by the way everyone seemed to care about who I was, I stayed.

My mother was very happy to hear that I'd found something to do, but as letter after letter sang the praises of Pub, the home front stirred uneasily. Return letters suggested that I start a batik, paint, sculpt, anything that would yield a finished product of my own. My mother didn't understand that it's just as much, if not more, work and often more fulfilling to work with others on a project. Our magazines were mine too. Still she prodded. But this layout-design person and all-around pubbie was content. People respected me, and though some occasionally resented my too brisk attitude, it was worth it when a fellow camper would mistake me for a CIT.

My letters oozed pub thoughts until I finally did a batik. It was a very cutesy batik, more a diversion than a commitment. On Festival Day my Mom looked at it and said something sweet, but unlike her in such a way that I knew this wasn't quite what she meant.

I spent my entire school year waiting to return to camp, and Pub. Eighth Grade was just like Seventh Grade, except not half as much fun. I needed something to look forward to, so I dreamed of Buck's Rock and the Pub Shop.

"Camp today," I said to myself, waking up on July 1st, but it was just a statement. I had expected to be really excited-- but the feeling wasn't there. It was nice that I was going, but the anticipated rush of excitement didn't come. I felt guilty: Could it be that my love for Pub had faded? Didn't I owe it a good cheer?

In the car my family chattered happily, feeling the excitement I wasn't, while I just stared out the window. My little sister was as anxious as if she were the one going to camp. Every five minutes, hyper little Jessica would turn and ask, "Katy, aren't you excited?" to which I would reply, "Yeah, sure." Nobody seemed to notice my state of mind, but I focused on it throughout the ride.

Arriving at camp I searched for familiar faces. I found many, and received many greetings, but what I wanted was fanfares, so simple "Hi's" a let down. A year of daydreaming adds many coats of lacquer to a place.

I slipped right into the Pub Shop routine, returning as if I'd never left. No explosion, no bright spotlight--I just opened the door, walked in, and worked. I felt neglected and unloved because I returned seemingly unnoticed, but at the same time flattered that I was enough a part of the works to fit right into place.

After a week and a half, I took my mother's place and began nagging myself. I loved Pub, and I could do almost anything there (don't ever ask me to do a color change) but it was a point already scored. I needed a new challenge to overcome.

I found many: plays, batiks, paintings. I tried out for plays--and didn't get a part. I thought and thought about subjects for batiks and paintings and came up with hundreds of ideas--bad ideas. Really down on myself, I bitched off at the rest of the world. I didn't want to hear the plays mentioned--especially by two friends who were in them. I was mean to my friends, and they didn't know why. Hiding in Pub, I was safe, but Pub was the root of the problem. It got to the point where Pub made me uncomfortable, sad. But I couldn't move. Or so it seemed.

One day, I sat sketching in front of Pub. One of my sketches pleased me, and I began fleshing it out making it batikworthy. This was art, not just a trite excuse for creativity. It was also quite good. I began to work on it. Soon after, I tried out for the Festival play, and got in. Pub had loosened its grip on me, or I had loosened the vise which I myself had tightened, no matter what I had blamed for my problems.

Now I sit in front of the Pub Shop, thinking about my batik, my job as layout editor, and my part in the Festival play. I'm out of my rut. Happy at Pub again, but not trapped because I know I can do other things. I feel great, and when my Mom visits, I think she'll smile, say something sweet, and mean it.

By Katy Schneebaum

THE KITCHEN

The kitchen feels clean, hospital-like. The kitchen staff look grim as they move precisely through their jobs. One of them is pouring out enormous quantities of brussel sprouts into a bin, two more are at the other end washing out bowls and pots. Sitting in the middle of the room is a giant cabinet filled with dozens of trays of veal spareribs.

Things are beginning to move faster as lunch time approaches. The sounds of clanking and banging increase and the radio is turned up louder.

As I write, a lifetime supply of brussel sprouts are sizzling on the stove and a huge tub of cooked spareribs are dumped into the serving pans in front of me. They smell of barbecue sauce and the hundreds of them in one pile look unappetizing.

It's odd watching people do "real" work in the middle of this camp where almost everyone is working totally for his or her own gratification.

For a few minutes I watch the people working, one is a man in his mid twenties, I remember one time I saw him play ping-pong, it had begun as a friendly game but as he started to lose he got more and more tense until finally he lost and walked away quickly.

A big cook is working intently over the veal ribs. I wonder what he thinks about while he works; I imagine he thinks about bills, car payments, children, and his wife.

The chef turns to me from across the room, he gestures with a large butcher's knife: "Just remember to tell the truth now." He smiles and goes back to work.

Daniel Pinchbeck

3:36 in the morning

Abruptly, I am conscious. Around me, the night is dark brown and cool, without its usual odor of the septic tank.

During the night, my covers have untucked themselves. Now, rumpled and ineffective, they mainly lie at the foot of my bed. I fumble around in the dark, trying to gather the scratchy blankets with unconvinced muscles.

by Pam Renner

JOSEPH

I remember my first look at you--you were tall and strange with bloodred disease-ridden eyes watching everyone at once; shambling around, grey I.V. in arm. what thoughts did you have?

Did you know you were already a lost cause doomed to an eternity of institutions transient hotels screaming in corners madness maybe subway crazy or shock treatment release of consciousness, possible you had a different perception of the world all together--who knows what you saw through your hellish screaming eyes.

You terrorized patients and nurses equally with your rushes of lust or unreasoning hatred--they kept moving you from room to room as you menaced the patients--more and more lost, you were a walking nightmare, unknowing, uncaring--finally moved to my room where you spent the whole night talking happily to an imaginary grandmother on the phone clutching an ancient rumpled teddy bear in your needle-tracked arms.

You got scarier as the days progressed, looking pathetically for something to fill your vacuum--putting out cigarettes against your arm or sneering at visitors, any second you could explode or cry. Uncontrollable, they had to get rid of you, finally managed to shuffle you off to some state hospital--we watched you pack up your small collection of belongings, me on my bed, my mother sitting on the chair next to me, holding my hand--inside I felt a week-old knot begin to unwind--as you left you turned to us and my heart skipped a beat, were you going to curse or laugh? But you turned, bent silently, kissed my mother carefully on the forehead and left, fading slowly into the green hallways.

by Daniel Pinchbeck

By Katy Schneebaum

Assembled in the cabin after lunch, we fall to our various amusements, Chorus line plays, bringing us together. Some write letters. Others read them, in the endless exchange of one for one which constitutes communication between friends during the summer. One can never give a little more-if one does not respond, the other will boycott. The music switches to Beatles, and voices join in. One girl changes clothes, most likely her 3rd change of the day, though it is only 1:07. As I write, the girl with the unnatural fear of moths reads. Irrelevant conversation passes between us as our concentration is broken. As abruptly as it began, it ends, and we return to our separate past-times, once again in communion with each other though the music and just being together though our minds follow six different tracks.

By Jenny Fleissner

Sitting outside at two in the afternoon, the heat is a thick, fuzzy blanket. It does not descend; it merely exists-still, rich. The trees droop with the exhaustion. Even one's surround seems to reflect in such weather. Clothes cling like plastic, which becomes the melting heat that slips pungent off skin. As the day drips on, forms and feelings merge slowly into a syrupy, buzzing murk. Darkness falls.

FREEDOM AT BUCK'S ROCK--IN THE VIEW OF
MARK KAMBERG

Buck's Rock camp is special to me in many ways but I think it is very special in the way of freedom. At Buck's Rock I do not have to go around with a bunk, which is great, and I do not have to follow a schedule. I don't have to spend forty-five minutes in one place and then go on to another place even if I haven't finished what I'm doing. And if I go to an activity and don't like it I can leave.

Even with this freedom, I know there are things I want to do. I want to make a salad bowl for my mom because she asked me to. I want to learn how to play tennis better so I can play with my dad. I want to go to WBBC because I like to. In the evenings, I am socializing and using my free time well. I play badminton, ping pong, and I write letters. I have the freedom to go wherever I want and I can do whatever I want.

Fallout

something fell out of a tree in front of me as I
was
walking down the road
it was a piece of bark
I stood to meet the glare of the man
who thought it odd that I should stoop in the middle of the
road. I picked it up, and carried it with me
I wonder why fate has chosen that this piece of bark and
I
should meet.
As I neared the bunk, I thought of all the clutter
I have accumulated already
heretofore
and I threw it behind me
I didn't stop, or turn, but walked on, into the cabin.

by Peter Daniel

The Night The Mosquito Buzzed

It was 9:20 P.M. I was at my usual station at the bunk, alert and watchful. Ever alert for a presence which lurked in the mind of every camper at summertime. A constant fear of a foreboding sound: a droning buzz that echoed in my mind at that particular moment. The picture of just what would happen if one was not fast enough came clear to me. After the buzz an irritating sting could be felt. And then the final result: the mark of the enemy. All these thoughts whirled about in my mind as I sat at the foot of my bed. My thoughts drifted to the animal farm and the sheep I had adopted and I felt willing to relax a bit. I pondered whether or not there would be an assault this very night.

9:25 P.M. I took out my books and read silently on the bed. Perhaps tonight I would be left in peace. As I read I could hear the complaining barks and small talk of my next door neighbors echo throughout the halls of the annex. It was quiet and peaceful, but still I felt a sinister aura in the bunk. I looked about the small room and then concentrated on the little cracks, corners, and holes I saw. These were places unknown to man, but well known to bug. I began to ready myself again and sensed that I was being watched by little beady eyes that stared out with a greedy lust for dessert. I strained to hear what I could in the room. My body tensed slightly. And then came the sound. It seemed to intensify after a few seconds. Finally, I spotted the unseen tormentor.

9:30 P.M. The enemy had chosen a seat on the top of the bedpost and was looking over at me with his compound eyes. I stared back with contempt. He made an uncharacteristic gesture that resembled a human being licking his lips. The enemy seemed to have selected a strategy with which to attack, so instead of just heading straight for me, however, he flew off and was gone from my view. Obviously, he was hoping to take me by surprise. But I was not so naive as to be caught unprepared (for the old sneak attack). All became still once again. Yet now I was ready.

by Jody Marcus

9:35 P.M. I was still keeping a watchful eye on my dreary surroundings. Finally I saw the object of my search. He was flying along the walls waiting for a good moment to strike. But this time I would not stay put, like a sitting duck. Towel in hand, I jumped from the bed. This time it meant murder (and a sticky mess on the towel). I located my little hemesis on the door. Immediately I began to swat at the bug and for a while was occupied with the job of making sure there would be one less mosquito in the world. Unfortunately my reflexes were slow. I managed to swat him off the wall a few times but he was just too fast. After a few minutes we both lay panting on the bed, overcome by exhaustion. Yet seeing that he would have no luck in my

bunk the mosquito made another human like gesture which resembled a shrug. As I began to recover he took to the air and drunkenly flew off through a hole in the screen.

9:40 P.M. Left to myself and my books, I felt relief. The usual ever-lasting noise from the other rooms had lessened for the others had gone out to the evening activity. That damn bug was still out there but it didn't matter. After all, a tie was better than a defeat. I decided to enjoy the rest of the night under the covers and retired to bed. But just then I heard a droning sound. It sounded just like....like....

Oh no!

The End

Watch for a sequel: The Gnats are Watching

Girls Annet Cabins Porch

At the far end of the porch, a group of two boys and two girls clutter together. The boys are doing bargello, while the girls watch. Another girl comes out for a moment, but then goes away, then comes back again.

Meaningless bantering. Girls go in and out of cabins. Someone, draped in a towel, goes into the showers. The conversation continues, the boys doing most of the talking, the girls most of the giggling.

As I write this, something strange happens to me. The ground and the trees seem to become more prominent, while the people fade into the background. The trees take on the most importance. The trees seem to be, no, they are, sentient beings. They all have different personalities.

A tree to the right of me is watching me, studying me, I know. It pretends not to.

There are four other trees in front of me, forming a slightly irregular square. They've let down their disguise by allowing me to know what they are. They convey a sense of great wisdom, of great knowledge and power. Directly in the center of the trees is a spot of power. I don't know if I'll stand there. I don't have the right to, but if the trees have shown me all this so far, maybe they want me to stand there. I will.

I sit in the spot. The leaves of the trees merge together to form a perfectly spherical canopy. My feet tingle. As long as I sit here, I will be protected.

Parents walk through the spot, and as they do, an odd feeling, like a wave, breaks on top of me. I must go now, but I'll be back. There is a small break in the canopy. I will be here when the sun shines through the break. I have promised the trees.

By Howard A. Fischer

RAIN AT BUCK'S ROCK

Everything gets very still and quiet. The sky blackens and so does the overall mood. The rain comes down slowly, making everything drippy and soggy. A rainy day at Buck's Rock is a sad dreary one except when the black sky opens revealing streaks of white lightning and winds which shake the trees and seem like they will never cease.

I can remember a thunderstorm we had last year: everyone was huddled on the porch after dinner. The rain was pouring down in torrents and the lightning was so close it hit part of the porch and made a black spot. Infants, toddlers and even some campers were crying their eyes out in fear. My friends and I started to run back to the bunk. As we were running, lightning struck no more than six feet from us. My friend kept running towards the bunk but I ran back to the porch, crying and shivering. When the storm finally began to die down my sister ran with me and dropped me off at my bunk, then ran down to hers.

I don't know which kind of rain I prefer; the dreary kind that makes you want to just sit and do nothing or the scary kind that makes you tremble all over. Either way I know that I like the beauty and life that comes after a Buck's Rock rain.

BY
JULIA
MICKENBERG

World War I

The whole world fighting,
Burning in flames,
The innocent are hurt,
While the guilty still reign.

The fury, the anger,
The bloodshed, the pain,
The lives that were lost,
Impossible to retain.

It finally ended,
We thought it was through.
But just around the corner
Was waiting World War II.

-Dana Wile

Changing Jobs

He started out an artist
Then he ventured on
He needed something new in life
To support his family upon.

It was very hard at first
But soon it gave him pride
Gradually he began
Putting other work aside.

Many days he came home late
And kept dinner waiting
Constant fights about this act
Led to some debating.

My sister and I, we hardly saw him
But we didn't make a fuss
Because we both knew all along
He was doing this for us.

He made this switch within his life
For the love he has for us
And we understand our father
And love him very much.

-Jessica Weiss

The First Day In The Life Of

A Second-Month Camper

by Nicole
Cajori

I walked my parents back to their car and said goodbye. I went to my bunk to see my bunkmates. A girl was sitting on the top bunk, and I soon found out that she was a July camper waiting to be picked up by her father. We sat there, but soon she ran off. She returned with a bevy of girls. They all were lamenting and begging her to stay. I continued to unpack. A few girls asked who I was, but most of them were preoccupied with the departing camper.

I left them and roamed around, letting my feet carry me where they wanted to go. I found myself at the Pub Shop. Immediately, a woman asked me if I needed help. I told her I wanted to know about the shop and what kinds of stories were written. She said her name was Vera and showed me a lot of magazines. She told me Glenn was talking about comedy under the oak tree. I decided to go.

I easily found the oak tree and sat down on the side of the circle, inconspicuously. I half listened to Glenn and half watched the circle. One boy was trying to balance twigs on top of a pencil that was stuck into the ground. At one point I raised my hand to comment. Surprisingly enough, I didn't feel embarrassed. Nobody stared at me and it made me feel more at ease.

At the end of the workshop I went back to my bunk where everything had quieted down. Girls were sitting around talking, playing cards, reading. I put a few more things away and joined them. Soon the dinner gong rang and we all went to the diningroom together. It was nice to have people to be with.

After dinner I wandered from shop to shop thinking that I will never run out of things to do. The sensation was that of an outsider looking into another world. I didn't feel left out for I knew sooner or later I'd be a part of it too.

At 8:00 there was a lecture by Lou and Sybil for all the August campers, in front of the Rec Hall. An ice sculpture, left over from Staffworks, was slowly melting on a bench. Lou's voice boomed through the air, cutting everybody's talking short. He started off by saying last month had been one of the best groups of kids they'd had and he wanted to keep the rest of 1981 that way. I wasn't quite sure if I should believe him or did he always say that to keep our spirits up. He talked about what he expected of us. I was surprised that I didn't get bored; it was interesting to watch him and everybody else. The lecture was followed by a tour of the camp, ice cream, and a campfire.

Lying in bed that night the whole day ran through my mind. It took me a long time to wind down from the excitement of the day. It must have been around 1:00 when I finally put down my book and fell asleep.

Coming In Late

I kissed my mom and dad goodbye and looked around my new room. My roommate hadn't arrived yet so I took the top bed as I had a bottom last year.

I unpacked my things and said hi to the two or three people I knew from last year. Everyone was crying and saying goodbye to the first month campers. No one really seemed to care that I was there and I felt in the way. I sat in my bunk and felt like crying. I decided to write a depressing letter to my freind instead.

After a few bedswitching technicalities my new bunkmate arrived. She is really nice. Then my friend from last year and her friend arrived and I started to feel better because I realized that there were many people in my position.

Finally the last first month camper left and I got to talking with my new friends-to-be. Before I knew it we were out of the bunk and into camp.

Driving up to camp was exciting and scary; my emotions jumped around inside me because I didn't know what to expect. I met Craig, my house counselor, who would take my family and me on a tour of this big, new world.

As I walked around, I felt scared, although safe while my parents were still around. That changed when they left. Everything was unpacked and settled, but, I was alone. Alone in a new world of ping-pong players, people running from shop to shop, and other people like myself just being settled in. Alone in a world of building galore, with people working busily on woodcuts or sewing or silver.

I remember those first few days, not being able to call for "ma" every time I needed something. I was lonely, very lonely, but I knew that one day this all would change. I was just wondering when.

About a day or two later, I decided I couldn't think about home all day. So, I went wandering around camp. I knew I enjoyed writing, and someone suggested the Publications Shop, better known as Pub, where I could write to my heart's content, while producing camp publications as well. I entered the shop, still confused, until I met the literary counselors. We learned about each other, and I started to write.

I couldn't believe that the kid who had been feeling lonely all this time was entering a new world! Just like the changing from black and white to color in the Wizard of Oz!

As I had longed for my home, I soon learned that Pub was my second home. I was surrounded by people willing to give help, plus friendship, in all areas.

In Pub I stayed, writing my stories and material for magazines, soon forgetting about the other Mitch lying back in his bunk not moving, but thinking of mommy and daddy.

Camp is something new. It is sometimes tougher at the beginning, but once I got adjusted, and learned of shops full of busy activity, and found out so many counselors were willing to help me and be my friend, I really enjoyed it. Now I realize that the only pity was being a half-season camper. There is so much I'm leaving. After wanting to leave right away, it is now hard to say good-bye. It seems as if all is cut off and left behind.

Yes, it's tough, but because I am now accustomed to camp and its friendly inhabitants, I think it will be easier for me when I attend in the years to come.

- Mitchell Pascal

Returning Home

The bus will leave tomorrow, I have packed and the summer is over. There are things I haven't done, now all I can say is I should have, and wait for some other time.

Just a few weeks before school starts, and those faces so familiar to me will be replaced.

The ride home will be a sad one, through the window I will see all those things I once saw coming here, the opposite direction, the opposite emotion.

good bye.

- Joel Schlemowitz

82 INTO 12

By Nikki Feist

When I came to camp as a first-timer, I had one thing going for me. I knew all but one of the five girls that I would be living with for two months. And the four I knew, I was friends with.

But my friend who was going to a different camp shook her head and told me, "You'll get sick of each other within the first week; you've been together constantly in school."

I thought about this for a while. I knew what bunk life was like from another camp. I knew about the petty fights when someone steps on your robe on the floor, or spills Coke on your towel, or uses something without asking, and besides that, I was scared of being in the woods; who would protect me from the wild Armadillos? But Armadillos aside, the thing that scared me most was that we would become enemies because of the closeness.

So I prepared myself for The Big Sleepover. During the year I had slept-over at most of their houses, and those were mostly stay-up-till-dawn, secret telling sessions of all night t.v. and Mad Libs; what would these nights be like?

We soon found out that the seven-thirty (ridiculously early) wake-up was so early that if we talked at night we were always tired during the day. (Our suggestions of trying a ten-thirty wake-up were discarded by the staff) And there were more differences too. Before we had been in a house that belonged to one or the other. One of us was in charge. Now we all owned the house and it was the counselors who were in control.

But even with six often conflicting opinions, we didn't really fight at all during the first month.

And then, in the second month, when we were faced with the possibility of a break up of our cabin, I realized how much my friends did mean to me. Because I had come to know much more about my friends than during the school year.

Our days have been full, and we are all loyal Pubbies. We worked to produce the Pub's magazines and Yearbook, and from mornings, when we awoke MUCH TOO EARLY, and staggered, half asleep to the bathrooms (located just a porch length away), to night times, when the counselors let us have an extra five minutes of light, camp has been great, and the summer beautiful.

THE MOTHS

Actually, moths are about the farthest things from my mind right now, Reagan and his snickering buddies just approved the neutron bomb, bringing us one step closer to war--and Reagan insisting "Nuclear War can be won." What a sad joke; but moths are what they need written about so moths are what I write about.

Moths are greyish-white, ugly and stupid. They love Sure deodorant and light. Their favorite activities are flying into flames and bumping into walls.

At the moment I'm watching a really clever moth climb up and down the window looking for a way out--he's already done it about fifty times so he should have learned better by now. I am wavering between squishing him or opening the window for him.

I think I'll open the window.

by Daniel Pinchbeck

SUMMER '81

The campers came to Buck's Rock. All looked different, all showed different expressions. The campers had their own thoughts and ideas about the summer, and they molded the summer into shape, leading themselves to all kinds of creativity. They shared laughter, sorrow, and friendships. Before they knew it the summer was over.

They left Buck's Rock with another experience built into their lives. Now the cabins are empty, left with the echoes of the past summer's campers, and their hopes and dreams. Buck's Rock will still be here for more summers to be shared.

by Suzanne Kerzner

morning

A deep murmur rumbles through the shop area. It could come from the Wood Shop or it could creep up from behind me in the land beyond the Weaving Studio. It slides down the cold stone road leaving nothing, not a trail, but an echo in my head. Then it patrols back. Is it the dark lord that causes the melancholy atmosphere here at Buck's Rock? Unconscious people go to work. First a few just go through the routine motions of starting their shops; people wander in, march in, and some come in hunched over like gladiators boldly crashing into an arena. Radios play domineering tunes that occupy half of the workers, while creativity occupies the other half.

From one dismal point of view they are mindless zombies doing the work of the dark-lord-murmur. From a more realistic point of view they are all expressing themselves in their best way. In the Metal Shop, they make tiny, beautifully designed pieces of worth. In the Sculpture Shop they make large, twisted forms. In the Glass Shop they make smooth flowing goblets and glasses. These expressions deteriorate and corrode the murmur like salt does to a slug. Now the size of a finger, the murmur lies in the cold, neutral road in agony. A small child steps on it.

Philip Edwards

July 11, 1981

It's kind of hot. I'm wearing my purple bathing suit and my brother's (now mine) T-shirt. The radio is on. It's a pretty good station.

Ho Hum. Six people are typing in a row. Between the first and second person there is a typewriter that isn't being used.

About 5 people are collating the book as one person tells what order to put the piles in.

Glenn, wearing a white and red striped shirt, talks to a family visiting someone. John is wearing a white T-shirt with an animal cracker patch on it.

Pottery.

There are three people working over there. There's a kid wedging some clay on my left.

Boring. The music is boring. I'm leaving.

No one is using the water fountain, it's kinda quiet. Someone using the telephone just hung up.

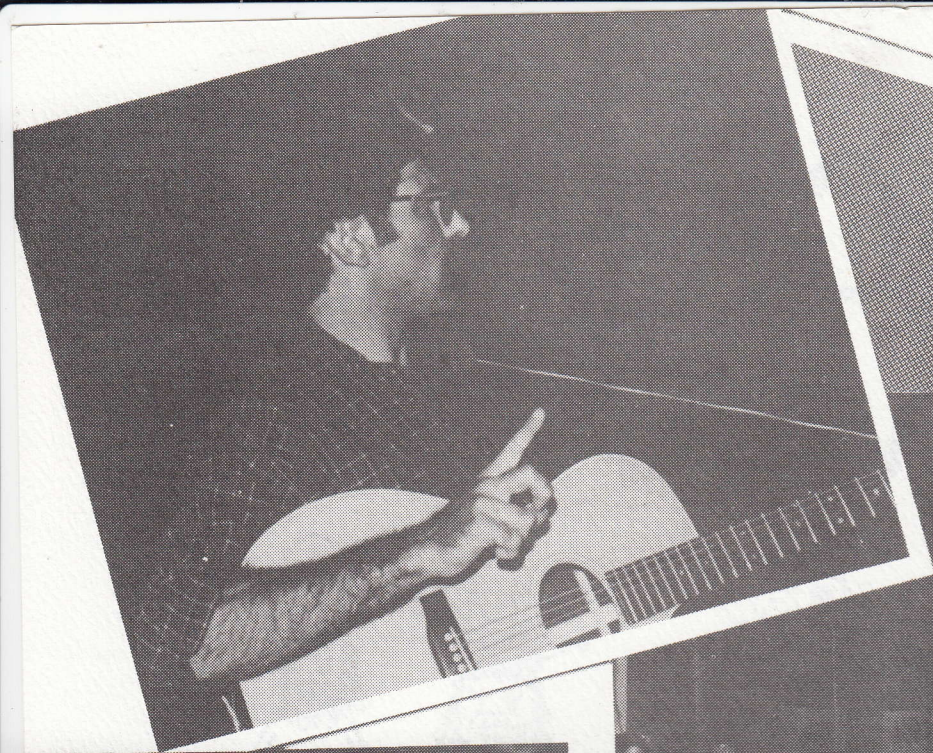
No one's playing tetherball.

I see people setting up the lighting and props at the summer theatre. Onward...

Nora Daniel

SPECIAL EVENTS





Pre-Season

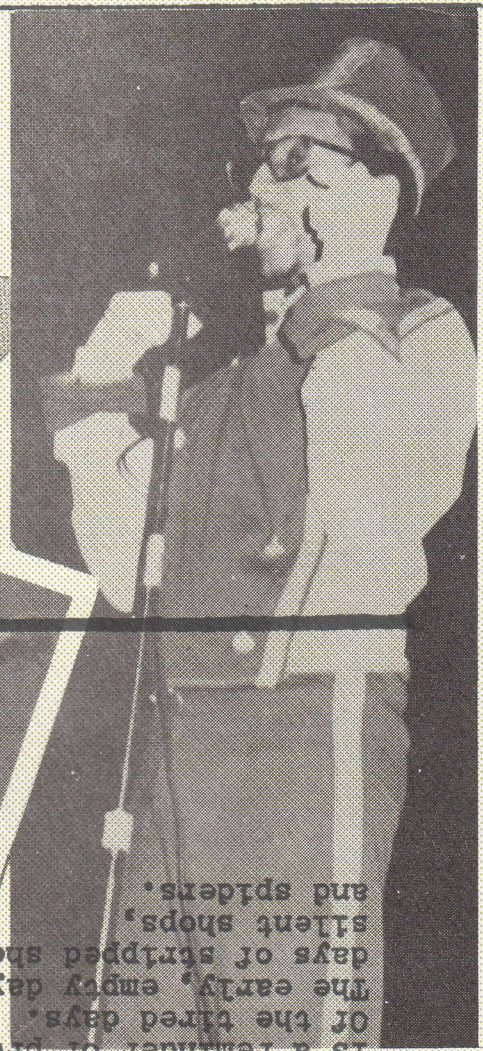
Watching for signs of life,
no bags yet invading
newly pressed sheets,
bare mattresses. Spiders
placidly weaving hospital corners.

Quiet, flowing days without clocks,
erasable times, drifting
in and out of noiseless rooms.
You're the intruder now,
the first to sweep away
December's dust

When the flood arrives,
the spare days end, colorful
faces invade
empty spaces, crashing
the spider's tea party.

Now only an occasional unspoken glance
is a reminder of pre-season.
Of the tired days,
The early, empty days,
days of stripped sheetless beds,
silent shops,
and spiders.

-- Jennifer Pleissner



The trip to Stratford actually began several days before the play when I attended a seminar that explained the plot of the play, and told about the theatres of the Elizabethan era. The seminar was both informative and enjoyable.

On the day of the trip everyone in my bunk was rushing around getting ready for the trip to Stratford, and getting in the maid's way. No one could decide what to wear. First a sun dress-not warm enough, then pants and a sweater-not dressy enough. I finally said the hell with it, and wore jeans and a t-shirt. By then it was time to go to lunch. Lunch was eaten leisurely and without the noise of eating it at the normal time. After lunch we boarded the buses. The bus trip was long and boring, so I took a nap. Eventually though, we arrived, and the counselors on my bus gave out tickets and money. We all went into the theatre, and everyone was immediately drawn to the snack bar. After indulging myself on some pastries, I went to my seat, and the play started promptly at 2:30.

The beginning of the play was extremely boring, and I would have fallen asleep except that Christopher Plummer's (who played Henry V) voice was so powerful that it was impossible to sleep. I was very surprised when I heard that he didn't use a microphone. Several days before the trip I bought a Henry V book so I understood the words they used, but I pity anyone who tried to decipher the gibberish they were speaking, without the help of the book. The play got better as it progressed, and on the whole it was excellent, the actors and actresses performed magnificently.

After the play we all gathered outside the theatre to meet one of the members of the cast. The meeting was short because the actors in the play had to go to rehearse for Othello, which was seen by campers in August.

We then ate a dinner of sandwiches out on the lawn, and walked around the theatre for a few minutes. After that we left and went back to camp. When we got back to camp we were met with cries of, "The cow had a calf!"

THE TRIP TO STRATFORD:

HENRY V

by Bethany Grenald

Boy's House Trip

We were part of Boy's House Downstairs who recently went on a camping trip. Eight of us and three counselors left camp at 2:45 for Black Rock Lake.

When we got there, we cleared the ground and pitched our tent. Three or four of us unpacked while the brave ones desperately tried to put up the tent. It wasn't that hard—it only took about 30 minutes.

After that, Jonas, our pioneering counselor, told us that we were going hiking to the lake. After going up a treacherous mountain, we found out the lake was still half a mile away. That brought on lots of moans and groans.

We took a long needed swim, and then went back for dinner. Dinner was so good, it almost tasted like real meat. The worst part of the trip was to find that we had no mustard. Then we went for another hike. This time we had to walk through a lake and then climb a 500 foot dam of loose rocks. When we got back all drenched, we had a delicious dessert of bananas with melted chocolate.

Then our counselors, Peter Diamond, Paul Bostok, and Jonas chased us to our tents. They tried unsuccessfully to make us go to bed. When we were supposed to be asleep, we had noisy pillow fights. Finally, Jonas came in and took away our flashlights. Then we really had to go to sleep.

The next morning we got up before our lazy counselors and woke them up. We had a breakfast of cold cereal, scrambled eggs, and hot dogs. It was better than the breakfast we get in camp. Then we packed up and went for a three hour swim at the lake. The water felt warm. After that we had a lunch of cold cut (still no mustard) and left. In forty-five minutes we were back in camp and working in our shops.

by Lawrence Maayan and Reuben Winitch

THE NEW MILFORD 8

It is apparent you need some kind of training to run 8 miles. Approaching the day of the New Milford 8, however, I realized I hadn't run for almost a week. Well, I still had four days before the race, and I intended to use them for some serious running. On days one and two, I ran 3.6 miles, on day three I rested and stored carbohydrates for the race. (You know you're a runner when you consider the noodles the main dish and don't bother with the beef.) On day four, I did 2 fast miles and a lot of thinking about the race. I was fairly unconfident about how I would do in the race, but I was going to try my best and go for a time of around 1 hour.

The night before the day of the race I went to sleep early, and was awakened the next morning at 7:30 by a grinning counselor who wished me good luck and asked me if I wanted to sleep late. I thanked him, but got up and dressed for the race.

* * *

BANG went the gun, and we were moving. For the first 100 feet, I had problems not tripping over anyone. After that, I had all those annoying hills to deal with. The course straightened out at around 4 miles, and I sped on. At the 6 mile mark, I saw what I needed: loyal Buck's Rockers cheering the runners on. That gave me the energy for my finish. Much needed energy, too. A mountain looms over you after 7 miles and practically says, "Ha Ha, you'll never make it." On this monster of a hill was sadistically painted a huge smiling face, which made my task seem all the more hopeless. But somehow, despite odds, despite fatigue, and despite all else, I made it to the top of the now insignificant mountain. All that remained, was a quarter mile drop, straight into New Milford. The steep decline of the terrain, combined with the usual energy boost you get at a finish, and the cheers emanating from the crowd, propelled me to a smoking finish. My first thoughts upon finishing were something like this: 1 - I'm alive. 2 - I need a drink. 3 - How did I do?

My time was 1 hour, 2 minutes; just short of the coveted 1 hour mark. By my standards I did well, but I wanted to do better, and I always will. Maybe that's why I'll keep on running.

Aaron Kromash

Movie Night by Howard A. Fisher

It's movie night. The lawn is littered with blankets of all kinds and colors.

The sky is slowly darkening. By the campfire, they are setting up the movie Fame, waiting for total blackness. On the blankets, the campers sit, keeping themselves busy as they wait for the movie to begin.

In one area, a group is having a small pillow fight, throwing things at each other. A counselor comes over to them, and tells them to quiet down. They ignore him. Another group is listening to Rocky Horror shouting obscene things at the proper moment. They're playing with a small, grey kitten.

Finally, the movie begins. Everyone hushes up, and people engaged in conversation scramble to their own blankets. Couples find each others arms. It's movie night.

At Night... by Pam Renner

...The lawn bustles with large and small groups of people. I sit with Dan, observing as laughter rises. A loud voice imitates Karl Finger.

Lights glow inconsistently.

We're joined by two girls who I knew in another time, when they were my peers. I don't particularly want to talk to them, now, I answer politely, then go back to writing. I can't help being reminded of children I babysit for. I've changed more than they have in the intervening years. But I was different to start with. Worlds different, though I tried to be alike. I've stopped trying. The changes were gradual, having to do with added maturity, clearer perception, and a freer environment.

Here on the darkened lawn we sit in groups we've chosen. Every so often a stampede of people will come by, taking part in Action Socialization games, the evening activity. It's very different from the other camp, where I knew a different world, two summers ago.

The girls are gone, and I wonder if they are as unchanged as they appear. My thoughts float up into the night, interrupted by the sound of the gong as they merge with it.

FRED THE CLOWN

by Debbie Cooper

He stood right in front of us on the dusty Rec Hall floor. Speaking slowly, quietly, calmly, he erased from our minds all formerly held images of clowns.

He was Fred Yockers, a professional clown who had originated Clown Workshop at Buck's Rock in 1973. Billed simply as "Fred the Clown," he returned here to explain what clowning is really all about. I'd come to the Rec Hall expecting to see someone in baggy pants and lots of makeup do one funny routine after another. Instead, I sat on a table with 20 other Buck's Rockers listening to a thin serious man clad in blue jeans and a red shirt speak about the art and science of clowning. Clowning, it turns out, is as much a science as an art, with many elements of psychology in it. Fred grew very animated as he explained that a true clown is constantly observing and studying his surroundings, his audience, and especially himself. Self-awareness is of the utmost importance to the clown.

To demonstrate some necessary clowning skills, Fred called up audience volunteers for several activities. At first, members of the audience were reluctant to participate; but they grew more enthusiastic and involved with each new activity Fred presented. By the end of the workshop, virtually all of the audience had participated in at least one exercise. These included a two member recognition-reaction game, a three-way conversation consisting solely of the words "yes," "no," and "maybe," and a ten-step build-a-laugh. In addition, Fred explained what a respected art clowning is in Europe, and how different it is from American clowning. European clowning uses much more of the psychology Fred had spoken about earlier, in contrast to the slapstick-oriented clowning we are accustomed to. Listening to him, I began to get the feeling that we in America were missing out on something great.

At the close of the program, I felt quite differently about clowning than I did two hours earlier: I respected clowning as a genuine skill. Perhaps Fred himself expressed it best when he said, "The truly funny clown must be very serious about his craft."

GODSPELL

It's two o'clock on a gray, rainy afternoon. As I approach the Rec Hall, five minutes early for a Godspell choreography rehearsal, I see Kathi Harper speaking with the members of the cast. Kathi has a way of making us all feel very comfortable while still maintaining her firmness as a director. She gives us tremendous insight into the show by explaining exactly what is happening physically and symbolically, and how we should use this during a particular moment.

The other night we had our first tech rehearsal, and when the show came together with the lights and the night-time, I started to cry. I felt kind of silly, but I looked around and everyone else was crying too, even Kathi.

The next day there was a daytime rehearsal, and we all sat around discussing when we should meet on the night of the show, whether or not we would have lunch together, and other things like that. We all felt close and comfortable, as we had a few days earlier, when we all got together to paint the stage. We were all going to benefit from it, and we worked for it together. It was a constructive thing we did for ourselves.

"People," Kathi yells at 2:05, "let's start off with 'Bless The Lord My Soul'."

Matti Banzhaf, our musical director, starts to play the song on the upright out-of-tune piano. The cast members rush on stage, away from their discussions, and begin the number while Kathi sits in the back watching with a pensive look on her face.

It makes me feel impatient when songs or dances come out crappy, because I care so much about how we'll look during the show. But, when the music and choreography come together, I really feel elated.

Matti suddenly stops playing, and Kathi runs up onto the stage, demonstrating and clarifying the steps she feels uncomfortable about.

"Listen," adds Matti, "don't sound dead. Have fun, add your own harmonies. It needs to sound more filled in...don't be afraid to let go."

It will be a great show.

-- Rachel Lirtzman

ALPHABET SOUP

"Alphabet soup so very fine, we want to play it all the time!" So said Lou, about an activity called Alphabet Soup. (Actually, he sang this announcement, but we won't mention that.)

He made it sound interesting, so I, and a group of friends, decided to enroll our twelve-member team, Fred the Rotted Bra Strap. We found out we had to have two letters, a vowel and a consonant, in common in all our names, and by adding or making up middle names, we accomplished this. Thus readied, we got the first page of three pages of directions.

All the clues gave a short description of something, then a set of spaces which had to be filled in with letters. Some of the spaces were circled, and we had to take the circled letters and combine them to form a clue to the location of the next set of directions.

The first clue was: "The mechanical oasis outside the dining hall." This was answered pretty quickly, as we saw almost 200 campers beating each other up to grab a look at the four-letter company name on the drinking fountain: Puro.

The next questions were too hard for us, and we had to ambush another team to get them. There were only two casualties.

We finally got the letters which we had to combine for the next part. They were ELLORW, and the clue was a four-line verse:

"Up upon a shelf you look,
This man's name upon some books.
One speaks of time four years hence,
Another of a place be-fenced."

It was fairly easy to guess that the author was Orwell and the books 1984 and Animal Farm. The next clue said to go to this place be-fenced(i.e. Animal Farm), and that we did.

Hundreds of campers dashed madly from BBC to the porch in the rain, often begging the counselors in charge to reveal an answer. It went on like this for about an hour or so before the first team handed in a completed form. (The team? None other than the Bra Straps, of course. Unfortunately for us, two answers were incorrect.)

As all entries were corrected, the winners' names were revealed. In first place, the "Rear Ens," in second "EB," and tied for third, "Cars" and "Fred the Rotted Bra Strap." Prizes were first places in various events and meals.

BY HOWARD FISCHER

Square Dancing

For the past five years that I've been at Buck's Rock, square dancing has been a regular activity. (It has also been a favorite activity of mine). Movies or plays cannot top the feeling when Karl Finger says "Here comes Amos!"

Out of all the dances I think "Amos Moses" is the best, because it's easy and because of the way you do the dance. First you put your right foot out, then your left, then you take a step sideways, but at the same time you're bending down and crossing your arms. Then you come up, turn around, and clap. Now do the whole thing over again until the song stops. It's really hard to explain because you have to actually do it before you know what it feels like.

It's really hard for me to be on the side when there's a dance I don't know. But when I'm in there with the people, whether it's a fast dance or a slow dance, disco beat or folk, I just feel good to dance and to know it.

I think Buck's Rock picked a good place to have the square dances and a good person to do them. The tennis courts, where the dances are done, is a nice, big, flat, cement area, and Karl Finger a nice guy who is very good at calling square dancing.

I really hope that square dances will be kept at Buck's Rock in the future. I'll go to them.

by Josh Draper

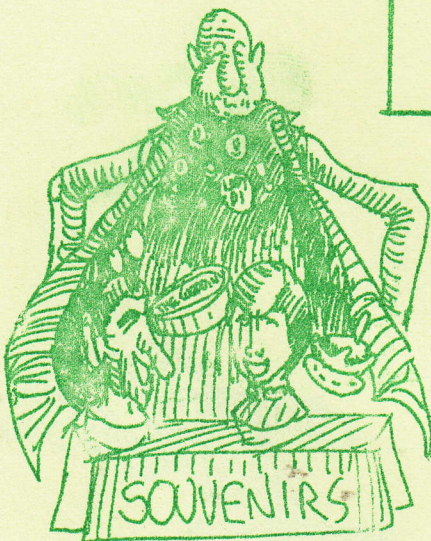


THE ROYAL WEDDING

Buck's Rock has an unusually large number of counselors from the British Commonwealth. So, naturally when Prince Charles married Lady Diana Spencer there had to be a big celebration here at Buck's Rock. The English counselors did a lot of talking and had a lot of meetings and the end result was Royal Wedding Day. It went something like this: Bob Ainsworth got up at 4:30 in the morning to watch and record the wedding on TV. On that slightly chilly morning a good deal of the English counselors were in the studios of WBBC watching the Royal Wedding with Bob. At 7:30 instead of being woke by the gong a tape recording of Big Ben was played over the loud speaker. At 10:15 we were treated to Big Ben again. Lunch was also special. Someone handed out souvenir placemats in the dining room while I handed out menus on the porch. At 3PM England challenged the rest of the world to a game of cricket. England won by a very narrow margin. At 4 on the softball field, tea and sandwiches were served. At 6 a very nice wedding breakfast was served on the lawn. It consisted of fish and chips, wedding cake and iced tea. An hour later England beat the rest of the world in a game of soccer. From 8:15 to 8:30 there was Morris Dancing and at 8:30 there was a Charles and Diana look-alike contest. The winners were Jennifer West and Ben Rosenberg. At 9PM there was a Royal Variety Performance at the Music Shed. During the performance various English members of the staff performed different acts. Bob Ainsworth was the announcer. All in all it was a very exciting day.



Colin Miner



The Hound Of The Baskervilles

The lights go up on a Victorian mansion. An ominous portrait hangs over the fireplace. Majestic French doors stand to the left of the stage. Backstage I nervously observe the audience's silence interrupted by laughter, while concentrating on getting into character. As I am meditating on Jack Stapleton's lifestyle, his reactions and his thoughts, the first scene ends and I prepare for my entrance. Finally, I run on, speak my lines and, still keeping in character, storm off.

As soon as I get off stage I am rushed down to the costume shop for a change. I was fairly jumpy (having put on the wrong pants at first) and have trouble tying my tie. When I have finally gotten dressed, I went back to the scene dock only to be greeted with the news that the third scene is almost over. This means that I will be going on shortly. I get a bit panicky once again, knowing that the character of Stapleton is calmer on the surface upon his second entrance. Once out on stage, however the transition goes quite smoothly. My last scene after that is a breeze. After the performance I prepare for the moment that an actor awaits during both rehearsal and performance. This is, of course, the curtain calls. As the cast stands in front of an enthusiastic, cheering audience, taking several bows, they feel overcome with the passion and glory of theatre.

by Peter Mazelis



ROBBIE and the greasers

The idea of forming the group, "Robbie and the Greasers" at Buck's Rock came up while I was talking to Brett. I asked him what he plays, and he told me his main instrument is drums. After the first three days of camp, Brett realized I love the Oldies because every time I would hear and Oldy but Goody on the radio, I would blast the cabin with it. Brett told me he also enjoys the Oldies, and that's when we knew we should try forming our own band.

While we were practicing in Lou and Sybil's cabin, Billy, who neither of us knew at the time, came in, listened to us, and asked to be part of the group. Brett and I auditioned him with "Barbara Ann," and after that, he became a Greaser. After two days of playing together as a group, we started practicing for No Talent Nite. I thought it would be a good idea to enter No Talent Nite, because I remembered how much fun it was in the previous years I've been here.

Something about the group sounded empty. I realized if our group was to sound better, we needed to find a bass player. That's when Steve entered the group to become the third Greaser. The four of us practiced for an hour daily until No Talent Nite came, and for our performance we played our three best songs:

Rock and Roll is Here to Stay, by Danny and the Juniors,
Baby Talk, by Jan and Dean,
and our BIG finale, Barbara Ann, by the Regents, the Beach Boys, and Jan and Dean.

I chose to do these particular songs because each one involves two or three part harmony, which our group is capable of doing. Robbie and the Greasers, like any group, has had its share of arguments, such as, "Why should we play it this way?", or "This song isn't good for the group."

Our group has performed live once at Buck's Rock roller skating, and we were a 50's high school band for an act in Dance Night.

What will happen after the summer? None of us live in the same area, (Port Chester, Philadelphia, New York City, and Berkeley Heights, New Jersey), so we may try to meet once or twice at a central location. Only time can tell.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>VOCAL PART</u>	<u>INSTRUMENTS</u>	<u>HOMETOWN</u>	<u>AGE</u>
Rob Kuropatwa	bass	alto sax, piano	Port Chester NY	15
Bill Erlichman	1st tenor	elec. guit.	Phil., PA	12
Brett Fishman	2nd tenor	piano, drums	Berk. H., NJ	15
Steve Toll	baritone	elec. bass, violin, guitar	NYC, NY	27

Robert Kuropatwa

The Lennon Drops

The mood was set, the audience was hushed. The doors to the Mushed were pulled back. Quietly the first strains of the Lennon song. Imagine, began to float out from the piano in the back of the Music Shed. One by one, The Lennon Drops joined the song until the entire group (and much of the audience) was singing. At the end of Imagine, there was a short speech, one of four during the performance, comprised of bits and pieces of newspaper clippings printed before and after Lennon's tragic death. The next number, the Beatles' 1963 hit, Twist and Shout, broke the spell and was a great success with the audience. So began A Tribute To John Lennon.

The Lennon Drops are a group of singers, directed by Michael Lirtzman (everyone's favorite banana head), who learned and performed the music of John Lennon. The group's number fluctuated during the first month but increased dramatically with the arrival of enthusiastic August campers. The singers met from 2 to 3 every day but Wednesday, and everyone agreed that the rehearsals were always a lot of fun.

Backstage before the second half of the concert was absolute chaos. The musicians from the first half were attempting to squeeze themselves and their instruments out of the door while 25 nervous singers pushed the other way to get inside, meanwhile on the stage itself, the bleachers were being pushed forward and the orchestra was being arranged. In short, the stage was in a state of bedlam.

The performance itself went very well. It was enriched by a wonderfully professional audience, also directed by Mike Lirtzman, and also by an enthusiastic audience. All agreed it was tribute worthy of an artist and performer whose loss was mourned by millions.

Karyn Seroussi and Anne R. Edelson



"The C.I.T. Trip"

Planning for the CIT trip began the 2nd week of camp and it was decided that we would go out to breakfast, then to a beach for the day and Riverside Amusement Park at night. Excitement began showing in the CIT's about three days before we were to leave. Everyone was deciding what to wear, what to bring and who they would be with.

The morning of the trip was probably the first day of the summer that any of us even heard the gong. When Freddie and Dee walked into wake up the girls at 7:20, it was amazing how quickly we all popped out of bed, and by the time the gong rang, many of us were already on the way back from the bathroom. It was definately a day different from the rest. It was to be our day!

By 7:50 AM we began to crowd around the ping-pong tables where the buses were parked. Take off time was to be 8AM and no one wanted to delay it. We loaded into two buses and took off with Fame and The Beatles blaring from a tape recorder with many voice accompaniments.

By 9:00 we arrived at Friendly's for breakfast. Some of us sat down as others waited for more tables to be cleared until soon we had taken over most of the restaurant. We had our first real breakfast all summer, it was definately the first time that any number of CIT's made it to breakfast.

After breakfast we headed out to the beach. When we arrived most people layed out towels, put on suntan lotion etc, while a bunch of guys helped Bernie and Wally unload the buses.

Close to noon we had the coldcut lunch supplied by camp, with cookies and potato chips and it was back out to concentrate on the sun and getting tan. All day we just relaxed, talked to people we usually didn't get a chance to talk to, swam and played frisbee. We didn't think about our shops all day.

Around 3:30 Bernie began cooking steaks while Ron cooked corn and we ate and began getting dressed for our night at the Amusement Park.

By 5:00 we were a few shades darker and loaded into the buses, all psyched for our big night at Riverside.

When we arrived shortly after 6PM, we were told our restrictions and rules, and we were off. Split up into various size groups, between us we must have tried everything in the park, it was going great. Then about 9:00 it started

to rain hard. All rides stopped and the park looked closed, but that didn't bother us, we felt that we were keeping up a Buck's Rock tradition and the day would not be ruined. After a few minutes the rain let up and rides started again and we were on them all very quickly.

As the hours past, we couldn't believe it was almost time to go. At our designated time we were back on the bus and heading back to camp. We all had a wonderful day.

by Teri Buch

PETER'S DAY OF DECISIONS

It was Peter's first day at Buck's Rock. He knew a lot about the camp, but he hadn't the faintest idea of what he wanted to do, so he just walked around. First he stopped at the Sculpture Shop. He tried to carve a piece of wood so it would look like a mouse, but it turned out to look like an elephant. He knew it wasn't the counselor's fault, because he was the one who held the blade the wrong way. He decided to stop doing sculpture, it bored him.

He decided to go to the Print Shop, where he dropped a drawer of slugs, put his type in backwards, and ruined the alligator on his "Izod Lacoste" shirt with red ink. This discouraged him from the Print Shop and so he left and went to the Art Shop. There he etched two etching plates without putting hard ground on them, and smudged his canvas with black paint. He decided to leave before anything else happened. He decided to try the Pub Shop. He soon discovered that the Pub was the place for him.

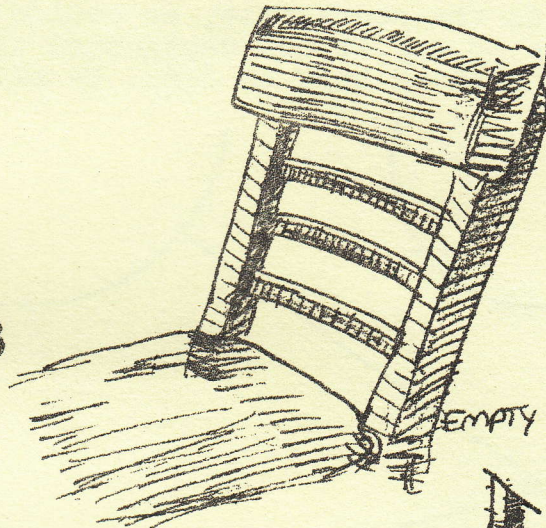
Moral: Search until you find the right thing for you at Buck's Rock.

by John Porter

At 9:00 am, it seems like the camp day
is getting off to a slow start.
Activity throughout the day is reflected
by the events on the porch.



SIBIL CONVERSATION
WITH CAMPERS



EMPTY CHAIR



LAUNDRY BAGS



COULD THAT
BE WENDY?!



GIRL ON PORCH AT 3:45 PM

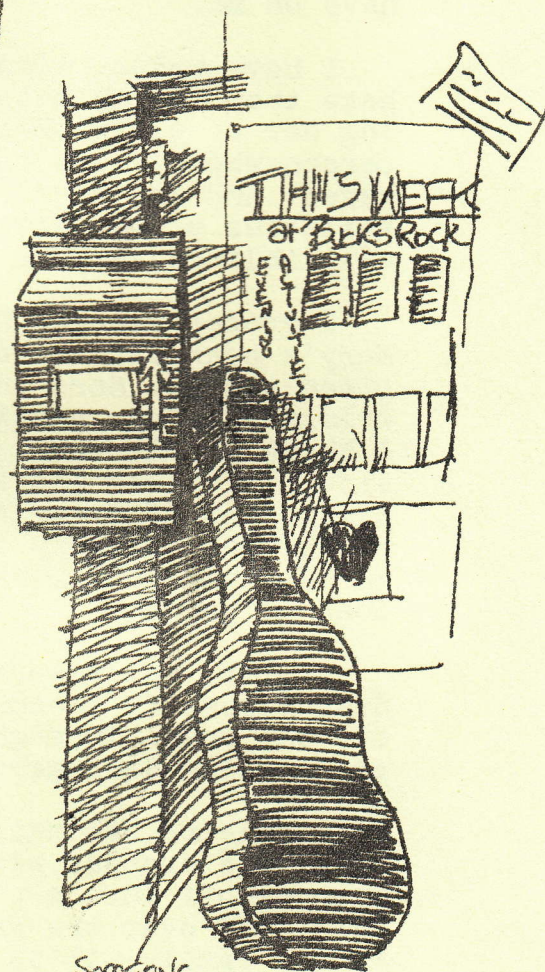


THE DINNER
LINE! 5.45 PM

THE PORCH:

A Sketchbook Diary

DAVID FOSTER 81



SOMEONE
LEFT THEIR GUITAR! 7.45

At the Road's End by Pam Renner

A car whizzes by, displacing more of the everpresent dirt, which will eventually settle on me, or another member of my family, or the house, or possibly back on the road. The only ones spared are, of course, those inside the car. Their Bloomingdales- bright colors remain unchanged, clothes never fading, fraying, ripping. The people inside these indestructable clothes don't change either.

They don't age, they don't cry, they don't even go through crises unscathed, because they don't go through crises.

John yells a curse after the car. His dirty cheeks inflate and then deflate, long hair lies wild and red, all over his face. I feel shame, and then anger at the rich bastards in the car and up the bumpy dirt road for the effect they have on me.

I have pride. Also a dark potential for hatred. I can hate them for my mother, whom they try to buy off by paying her to clean their dirt. She's shit to them, a trivial person whose pride is obtainable for a cleaning woman's wages. And she doesn't resent them. She resents none of the realities of her life, neither my father, myself and my six siblings, nor my small, howling, fatherless nephew.

I wonder whether he's been fed yet today. Probably not, Mary's been out all day, and when mother is home, she often sleeps. More than the physical work, the constant wringing of her emotions exhausts her. How wrong I am when I think she is weak. I know I couldn't tolerate living her life. It's true she is often passive. She doesn't want to destroy anything or anyone. Without her presence, the house would finally crumble: never again would one of summer's invaders remark that it was dingy, or needed a new coat of paint.

A dirty yellow-orange camp bus goes by, and again the dust rises. Up ahead, Eric hurriedly pedals his tricycle off the road. Through the back window I catch a glimpse of laughing teenagers.

Unable to restrain myself I throw a rock at the bus, as my little brother watches with sad childish eyes. The rock bounces off into a pile of broken and discarded toys that were used over the years. No one discards worn out toys in our family, it is one of our few traditions.

By the side of the house, the dog strains at his rope. The skin around his neck is raw, all the fur worn off, but he continues to pull.

I watch Eric as he passes the dog, on his way to the door. He murmurs to himself. It strikes me as odd that his little boy's voice is so quiet, his behavior so subdued.

It's as if he was born knowing how to avoid bothering adults and keep himself contained within. Eric is so atypical, he projects a hint of sadness older than his five years.

I follow him inside, wishing I'd payed more attention to him over the years. It occurs to me that by withdrawing into anger and saving myself pain, I may have actually harmed my littlest brother. Unfair that it's up to me to show him that love exists. My mother's too busy, my father's too drunk, my siblings too wrapped in their own problems.

The screen door creaks as I open it. Air is musty, dark-ish. I hear faint cries coming from upstairs, and have a premonition that it is urgent. I rush up the stairs, head towards my father's bedroom, where the noises seem to be coming from.

For a long time I haven't seen my father at all active. He seems always to be sleeping off his continuous hangover. He doesn't even bother to drink in bars. So different from the threatening, hateful figure of my childhood. He's shrunken and sick now, pathetic.

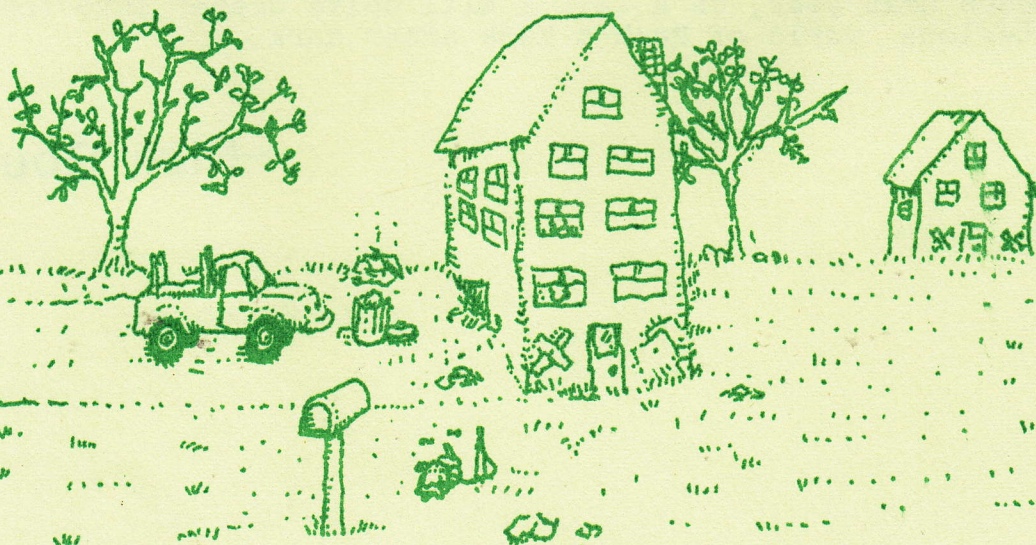
The door is wide open. I am paralyzed by the scene I see inside. My father is beating Eric, who lies writhing on the floor. Red welts appear on his pale back.

Long-forgotten memories come back. My father beating me, seen through distorted, four-year-old eyes. I thought I was bad. I thought I deserved it. I've always had that idea.

Horrificed, I run down the stairs and out of the house. The dog barks, picking up my desperation.

I pet him, trying to calm myself. I am stricken, unable to help Eric, scars too permanemt, wounds too deep.

My hands are red, with bits of brown ingrained dirt. I watch them as they untie the dog's rope, setting him free.



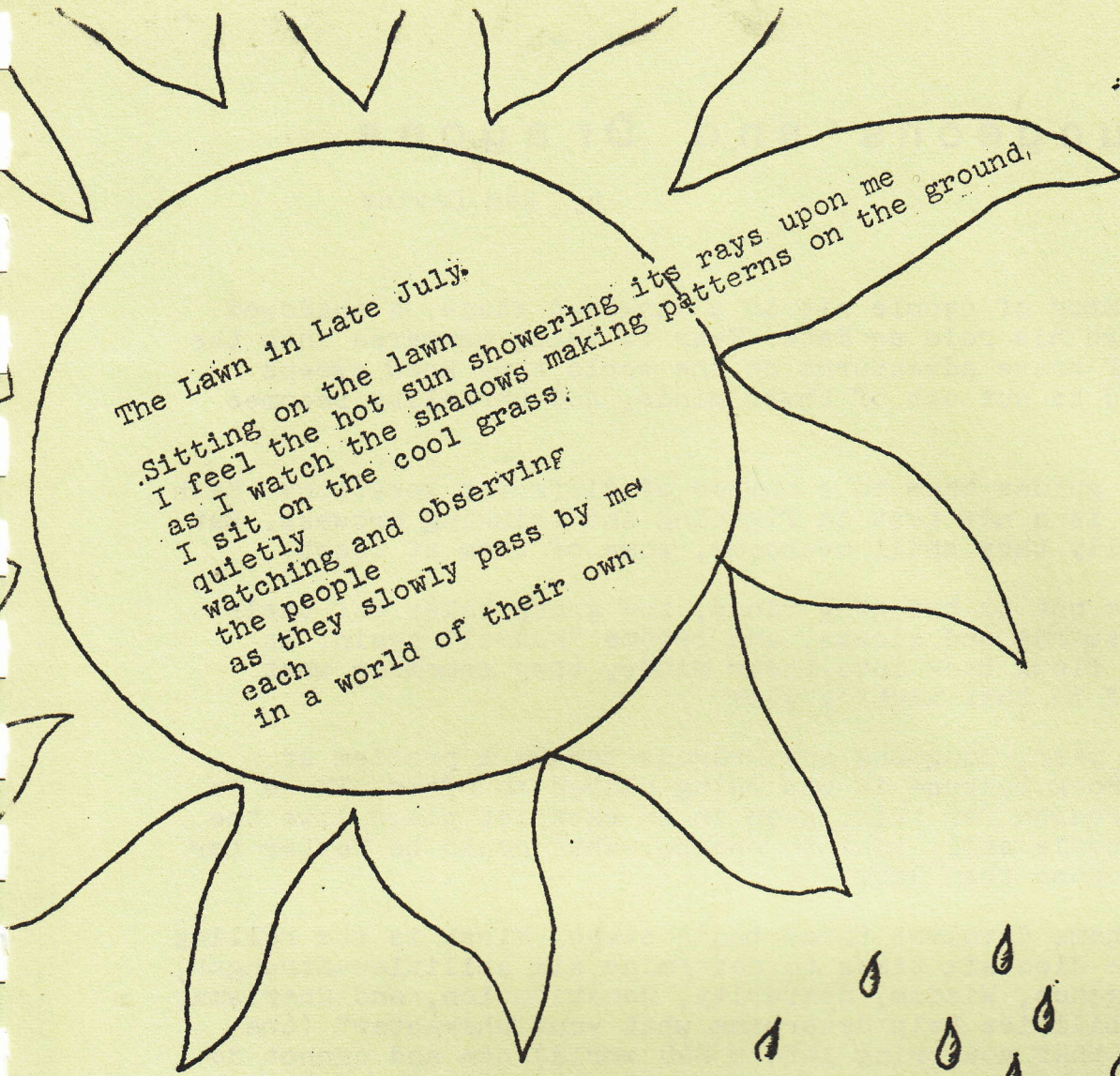
Put to Bed: A view from the lawn

Officially, put-to-bed is the last time the gong rings on a normal day. The actual time varies, but no matter what the evening activity or what time the gong rings, the put-to-bed activity is always the same. To understand the action when the gong rings, we must first examine the action before the gong rings. At this time, three distinct groups are visible. There are the loyal Buck's Rockers, who go to every evening activity in case it might be enjoyable. Secondly, there are those who choose to be close-minded, and dismiss the activity altogether, simply because it has a silly name. These people usually spend their evenings playing nocturnal badminton, ping pong, or just wandering aimlessly.

There is, however, one group which is exclusive to Buck's Rock. It is that rare breed or people who spend their nights on the lawn. Call them the lawn-lovers. These people usually started a conversation at dinner and felt compelled to continue it through the early evening. By the time the evening activity gong rings, they are so engrossed that they don't even hear it. These are the people who are affected by put-to-bed, because they are forced to cut their conversation short, or say a few more quick profound words before they are shuffled off to bed by irate counselors.


Towards the end of the evening a thickening process begins to take effect. The small group you were once watching becomes larger and larger, until it begins to resemble a herd of stampeding cattle. Then, as quickly as it came, it disperses, leaving only a few small groups, trying desperately to get in their last words on J.P. Sartre and his doctrines on the universe and its infinite number of macrobiotic amoebas. Like seashells left on the beach after a wave has swept everything away, they cling to their last moments in the civilized world. Eventually, drained, they skulk back to their cabins to deal with screaming bunkmates and impatient counselors. This is all my position of status allows me to write. Being a camper, I have to go to bed. Perhaps next year, as a CIT, I will delve deeper into the mysterious world of Buck's Rock after dark.

-Nick Gould



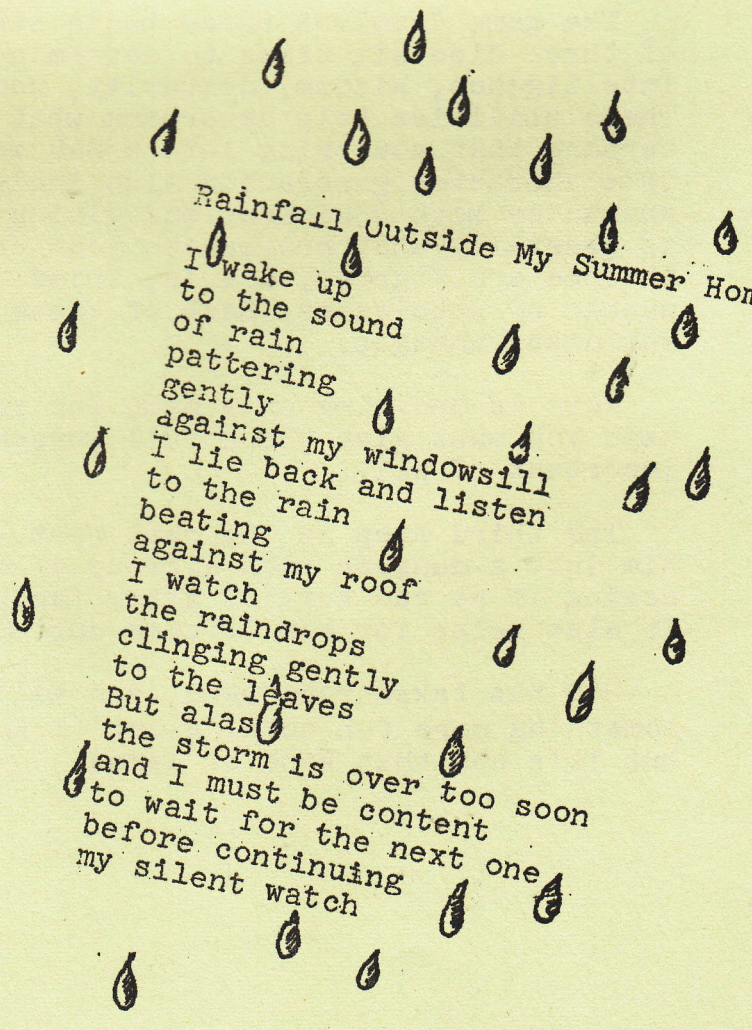
The Lawn in Late July.

Sitting on the lawn
I feel the hot sun showering its rays upon me
as I watch the shadows making patterns on the ground,
I sit on the cool grass,
quietly watching and observing
the people as they slowly pass by me
each in a world of their own.



by Jill Bortner

Rainfall Outside My Summer Home



I wake up
to the sound
of rain
pattering
gently
against my windowsill
I lie back and listen
to the rain
beating
against my roof
I watch
the raindrops
clinging gently
to the leaves
But alas
the storm is over too soon
and I must be content
to wait for the next one
before continuing
my silent watch

Dungeons and Dragons

by Ken Levine

A number of people sit on a darkened stage. A shadowed man plays his role as Fate. Fear is being hammered into the heart of brave adventures as the world they know sweeps away and is put out of their minds, and unreality becomes reality.

Fate guides them to a number of different locations. Each of them is a new test in fighting and thinking prowess. But eventually they shall overcome, some of them at least.

As the put to bed gong rings, the group takes off their armor, swords and cloaks, and become "normal" again. As reality flows back into their minds, they remember what occurred in that night's game.

Last year, Dungeons and Dragons became a problem at Buck's Rock because it was being played so often. There is a good reason for this. Even in an escapist place like the rock, people still want to escape. What could be better for that purpose than D&D?

The game involves three basic steps. First is the rolling of three dice six times to determine six abilities--Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, Dexterity, Constitution, and Charisma. These abilities help determine what your "character" (the persona that you bring into a D&D world) can and cannot do. This character generation also includes equipping your character with equipment and giving him a class. This "class" is generally what profession your character will have. Your choices are Fighter, Cleric, Thief, and Magic user, and a number of subclasses. Each of these has their own advantages and disadvantages.

Next is deciding on a name for your character. After the name you must give him a full personality. This is the most important of all.

The third step is the real test. This includes bringing him into a dungeon with a group of other characters and seeing if he can survive after facing monsters and pitfalls. It also helps for him to come out with a sackful of treasure.

D&D has taken root here, and will probably be around till something more fun comes along (I know what you're thinking, but it's not that kind of camp).



7/14 -- 7:p.m.

Right now I'm sitting in the field of short grass behind the Vegetable Farm. A softball game is going on only a wall-of-trees distance away. It's neat because although I'm so close to people, and I can hear them so clearly, the sun -- almost beginning to set overhead, illuminating the clouds -- the rock that I am sitting on, the bugs flying pesteringly around my head, the green grass below, all make me feel quite peaceful and alone.

I'm sitting here not because I love nature so much, but because right now I want to be alone. Well, not actually alone! I just want others to worry. I know how awful that must sound, but it's not...I have this thing about wanting people to worry about me when I'm really in no mood for it. I think what I really want is to know they care. Because sometimes I think people think I'm so sure, so definite about myself, that I need nobody to care. Or maybe I think they don't care. I don't know if that's true, but maybe I'm saying it to make myself understand why I feel the way I do.

Maybe I'm not doing the right thing sitting out in this field waiting for somebody to care. I could sit here, though, and sort out my feelings while the wind rustles my hair and the trees around me.

At least I've learned that I want people to care where I am. And that to sit here until 10:00 would be crazy. Not only am I cold, and tired, and hayfeverish, and not only are the bugs around my head so thick I can hardly see, but if I do sit here, quite soon it will be dark -- and I'll be too afraid to walk through the bushes alone in the darkness.

Jennifer Bernstein

EARLY MORNING TERROR

A horrible roaring fills the air, mingling with the sound of stamping feet. Through my sleep-fogged haze, I hear a vague rendition of "Frere Jacques."

"Shit," groans a roommate. "Bastille Day."

Bastille Day. I picture grimy faces contorting with fury above arms waving sticks and torches. Crazy voices crying for blood and death.

There's a wild pounding on the door. My throat constricts with fear.

"Why are they after us?" Somehow this doesn't make sense. "We're not the ruling class!" I yell out the window. "Get the Simons!"

"Or the Bergers or the Bulovas," chimes in the girl below me.

"Screw that. Just get Gaby Jochnowitz!"

"Maybe it's the townies coming to attack us at last."

In terror I remember the lady I cut in front of in the Mall.

"I'm sorry," I scream frantically.

"Dummies, it's the CIT's." This frightens me further.

"Oh, no. There was this CIT I sat with during lunch who asked me where I lived in camp. Naturally I told him - he was cute."

"He wants to kill you," Katy says drily.

"He does?"

"He's going to kill you and then dismember your corpse." Corin decides.

"Oh, he's not going to harm her. Probably just tie her up, gag her, and leave her in the middle of the septic tank." Pam's tone, perfectly serious.

Now I wish it was the townies. The lady from the Mall wouldn't know about the septic tank.

The noise begins to die down.

"They must be making a sneak attack on the cabin!" I cry.

"It's over," Nikki announces. "Now cut out all the ga-ka and go back to sleep. It's only 5:38."

"It's over already?" Suddenly I'm filled with disappointment.

"Maybe they'll do it again sometime?"

"Next year we'll be doing it," Jenny tells me.

What a fun camp!

by Vanessa Moss

Starting Over

—by Stephanie Giral—

Although this is my third summer at Buck's Rock, I felt the same anxiety when I arrived two years earlier. The beating of my heart and the quivering of my stomach got faster and stronger as we drove up the long, winding Buck's Rock road.

As I was welcomed, my entire body shook nervously. Because I was so eager to get settled, I quickly walked with my welcomers to my new cabin leaving my parents and puppy far behind.

I was greeted by my bunkmates and counselors and five minutes later my parents came looking for me, struggling terribly with my luggage.

With help from two departing July campers, I chose "the best bed." I unpacked with much help from my parents and my sister and walked to the office. As I looked around, I suddenly realized that this was not the camp that was familiar to me, but rather it was filled with many new faces. I looked frantically for old friends, but found none. Although many people were around me, I felt terribly alone.

After opening my accounts, my family and I walked back to my bunk. We then walked to the car in silence and embraced. The final good-bye left me quite speechless. The thought of being left alone without them was quite nerve-racking. Finally I could stand it no longer, and I quickly turned my back to the departing silver car.

My Favorite Counselor

by Kim Zern

What did you say? What? Oh yeah! My favorite counselor: Jill. Jill Fishon is her name. What? What does she look like? Well, she always wears Izod t-shirts with the collar up and Docksidors on her feet. That's the only thing for Jill. She will be a preppie someday if she isn't already.

...Yes!! Of course she's nice. She's caring, understanding and sweet. And I love her even though she may blow up sometimes. She's only doing her job and, God! does she do it well. You can be sure, Jill, I'm going to miss you.

Buck's Rock
Undoubtedly will offer you the ultimate in
Camp experience; you can make all
Kinds of neat things.
Some people might prefer to

Run or participate in
Other sports; that's fine too, because this is the
Camp that's fun for all
Kids with differing likes and dislikes.

by Pat Safran





An Evening With the Stars




On a Saturday night, Duncan, From the Science Lab, took a group of kids stargazing up behind the Veggie Farm. Some of us just laid back on blankets to look at the stars, while others looked through telescopes and binoculars.


During that evening there were many falling stars and meteors. We also saw two red giants, which are stars that are in the first stage of dying. The second stage is when the star is a white dwarf. Each of us got a star map so that we could find the different constellations: big dipper, gemini, cassandra, etc.



One of the best parts about stargazing was that we got to stay out past the put-to-bed gong, and come back to the bunk when everybody was asleep.



by Laura Wolner and Vickey Boothe



.....

I went on a photo-pioneering trip to Mt. Tom on Friday, July 24, with about 25 other campers.

When I got there, I took a path, which was partly smooth and partly rocky, with the rest of the group, to the top of the mountain. The scenery around me was magnificent. There were many tall trees, green shrubs and moss, and grayish rocks. As I caught a glimpse of this from the distance, it looked like green, gray, and brown colors blended together.

At the top, there was an observation tower, from where I saw the beautiful view below me of the bumpy hills, the lofty trees, and a wavering lake. I remember many insects pestering me, and making it difficult for me to take pictures.

It felt quiet and peaceful to be away from camp. I felt free and much further away from camp than I really was. There was no gong, no afternoon announcements, and no rumbling sounds from the shops.

Finally, after such a picturesque trip, I was ready to return to camp with its activities and noise.

by Damond Horowitz

WELCOMING

"Hi! I'm Jen. Welcome to Buck's Rock."

Armed only with this heart warming greeting and a winning smile, I ventured onto the soccer field with a mission to make 150 new campers feel at home. The early arrivals (9-10 AM) went to the welcomers slated for that time slot, but as rush hour (10-2) began, every person signed up to help was needed to combat the steady flow of cars. Although I recognized most oldtimers, those whom I did not know didn't help matters much by rudely answering my greeting with a "shaddup I know my way around!"

The new campers, however, were refreshingly bewildered. Most parents were cooperative, and although several made unnecessary comments on the size of the bunks, they generally complied with my directions. For the first few hours, I didn't mind the constant walking back and forth, and made some friends in the process. Keeping Mattie's golden rule in mind, "Be positive!" I chattered on enthusiastically about the glories of canteen, Pub, and the septic field.

After several hours, however, I began to suffer from an ailment that can only be described as "Welcomer's Cramp(s)." These pains began in my feet, and slowly travel upward, finally settling, red, on my nose. Sunburned and exhausted, I welcomed the latecomers with slightly less of my original cheer. Finally, when a good amount of the chattering campers had been directed to bunks, I decided enough was enough and left Beth to fend for herself.

Now, although I haven't grown particularly close to many, my "welcomees" still greet me with a cheery "hi," as I was their first Buck's Rock friend. And that's worth every cramp I got. You can bet that next year I'll be right back on the soccer field, cheery grin intact.

"Hi! I'm Jen. Welcome to Buck's Rock."

Jenny Fleissner

I'm in a bunk with 23 other girls. It is not at all what I expected.

When I came up in May to see Buck's Rock, Ernst took me around the camp and showed me all the shops. I expected much less things to do. The shops were all closed up. The Silk-screen Shop still had pictures hanging from Festival. I expected the shops to be more modern looking, more like stores with finished floors. It was strange.

In the bunk, I saw little cubic holes with no mattresses on the beds. I expected lots of rooms with separate doors like a hotel. It was strange.

When I arrived in camp, it was still very strange. The campers and counselors I expected to be nice and they were. Most of them were considerate. But the bugs weren't; I never thought there would be so many bugs.

After ONE day I got used to it all. From then on I had a great time. After leaving home and my room for the first time, I got used to it.....because I'M ENJOYING IT!

by Janice Greene

The First Day

I entered the bunk excited, nervous, and a little shy. Then I thought, Why? Soon these people will be my friends and this will feel like my bunk. I had been told the first few days may be rough, "until you get settled." But that night everything changed.

The ten of us started talking and stayed up very late. Although I just arrived during change-over, I was here last year and could share with the way the July campers felt. We shared anticipations of special hopes and plans for the summer and the future. Old and new campers really became one. I felt like I had been at camp since the first month. The feeling I felt for my new friends were really overwhelming. I love them and I'm going to miss them a lot.

by Debbie Kogan

C.I.T. O.D.

The night begins with our dressing up as punks so we can put on a show for the campers. As we stroll through the bunks we hear campers whispering "Oh shit. It's those punk-rock CITs again."

The counselors leave us, saying good luck, as the campers emerge with excitement.

The three of us sit around upstairs boys house and talk when suddenly the bubble bursts: campers have gone wild. One of the CITs chases a kid with his chain. I take care of all the lights that are flickering in the bunks down the hall. In one bunk a kid is taking apart his Rubik's Cube with a wrench. I go into another bunk. A camper is telling the most obnoxious dirty jokes I ever heard. I decide to help him improve them. But there are more critical problems to solve. I hear an argument coming from another bunk. Together with another CIT, we walk in to see what the problem is. A little stringy boy is complaining about the huge camper sleeping above him who snores. With his weak arms he tries to turn the fat kid over. Unable to succeed we CITs try to help. With the assistance of two more campers from the bunk he was successfully turned over.

As we walk out of the bunk a camper goes by on his unicycle, laughing at us. "Hey Gary you take care of that bastard, while I sit down and take a break." I say. I sit down and flip through the Sunday Times Magazine and then pull out a deck of cards to play gin rummy with Josh. A half an hour goes by and Gary and John are listening to the Who while Brian and I do impersonations of Lou. Things have already quieted down and we can hear the counselors roar as the meeting ends. It's been a hectic night and we all feel like jamming into a bar. But instead we leave the jungle of madmen and head towards our bunk to face our beds, and collapse.

by Ben Rosenberg

MY FAVORITE PLACE

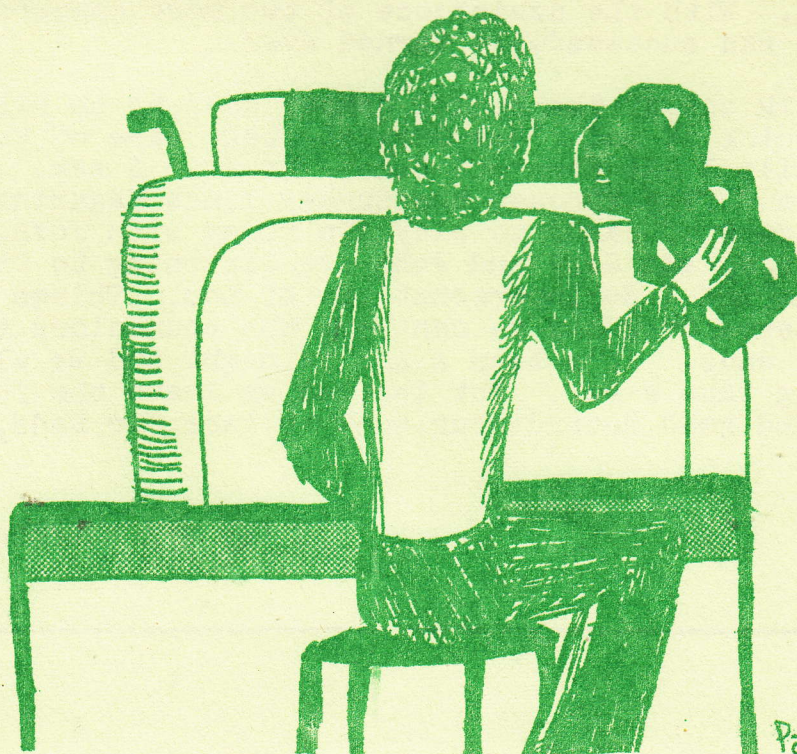
It all started in 1980 when I came into the Pub Shop. I was watching someone throwing slipsheets (little cardboard things) on top of wet copies of paper coming out of a Gestetner. I was grabbed by a crazed counselor named Jon Schachter who sent me to a CIT to learn how to run a machine. Of course I didn't understand and I made a lot of mistakes. But everyone told me I could be worse. As I got better, I got more into it and during Yearbook production I was appointed production supervisor (which means I got to work myself to death).

Now this year, when I came back to the shop I had confidence. So here I am doing the same old thing in the same old shop and I LOVE IT.

Production is fun. I like mechanical things. It's fun to watch the people who don't really understand what they're doing mess up. When the slipsheeteer throws the slipsheet in the wrong place, the guy who's running the machine gets frantic and forgets to turn off the machine and the copies go flying on the floor. He bends down to pick them up and more papers go flying out of the machine.

Of course I was like those people who mess up. That's why I like to watch them. It shows me what I used to be like.

by Steven Shaw



Pam Renner '81

On being a C.I.T.

Last year when I was a camper, the only responsibilities I had were to myself. Sunday nights meant fun and late bed time, serving was something somebody else (never mind who) had to do, and snack duty meant finishing as many cookies as I could in as short a time as possible.

This year when I became a CIT all these things changed. From the minute I set foot inside my shop (the good ol' Kamikazee pub) I knew things would never be the same again. There are some fringe benefits to being a CIT, such as inside knowledge of the shop (have you ever studied the inside of a Gestetner?) and the CIT trip (I'll tell you when I've been on it) and the CIT play, Death, a comedy in one act.

I also feel that having my counselor walk into the bunk at 7:00 am after a hard night of soda, candy, and jokes, pull my toe out of the covers and proclaim "wakey wakey" is not a very good scene. Even worse are the events that follow: rolling out of bed, getting dressed, wandering over to the dining hall, dishing out the food, then going back to the bunk to sleep, just in time for the work gong.

Another favorite CIT pastime is OD, an event which takes place every Sunday night after put-to-bed and consists of 2 or 3 tired, half-asleep CIT's attempting to maintain some semblance of quiet and order while 30 or 40 wide awake campers run from room to room (clomp clomp, teeheehee).

As for the ever popular snack duty, well, I'll tell you, I do it, but it seems to rank right up there with such activities as dusting and sweeping. Not to mention our shop duties, half a day everyday, which entails everything from sweeping out the shop, cranking out pages in a book, hammering metal, mucking out the cowpens, sawing wood... well, you name it, we do it...almost.

Well, I can't stand here and explain anymore. I've got work to do. A shop is never complete without a CIT lounging in the sun in front of it. After all, everyone knows CIT's do no work.

by Anne Edelson

A Reporter Is Born

It was orientation night during Changeover, and I was at the Pub Shop. Just when I was about to leave, I noticed a copy of The Rock. "Can I have a copy of that?" I asked. "Yes you may," said Vera, the Pub counselor. She asked me if I would like to come to a newspaper meeting the following night. After my fears of no experience were assuaged I agreed and that is how it began.

At the meeting I was overwhelmed but fascinated by the many facets of journalism. I volunteered to cover a story on the birth of the baby chicks in the Science Lab. The next day I worked out my questions with Vera and then took a long walk down to the Science Lab.

My questions were simple and well planned and I had no trouble gathering information for my story. At the Science Lab I decided that a picture of the chicks would capture the hearts of the readers of The Rock and I made that part of my assignment. Because I was very new at developing (this would be my third picture), it was not an easy task. Sometimes the photo came out too dark, other times it was hard to see the chicks' faces. I was discouraged but wanted to try it again. Back I would go to the Photo Lab. After about five attempts, I was finally satisfied with the photo. It had good contrast and several of the chicks' faces were easy to see. I was glad that I had the photo I wanted to accompany the story.

However, the story was still not finished. I needed to find a camper who was going to adopt one of the chicks. I made two long trips to the Science Lab, but I was either too early or too late to find such a camper. The deadline was approaching and my patience was wearing thin, so I settled for the next best thing: an interview with a camper who might take home a chick. It was an easy interview since the camper just happened to be in my bunk (and I now happened to be more experienced).

Finally my story was done. Despite the long walks to the Science Lab, taking wet photos to and from the Photo Lab and Pub Shop, it was worth it. I surprised myself because I had never written or done anything like this before and there it was--IN PRINT.

by Evan Gahr

THE ROCK

The Birth Of The Rock

by Teri Buck

Sunday July 5th, the big announcement for the evening was "Journalism Workshop 8 p.m. at the pub shop with Vera. All welcome." I really didn't know much about journalism, so I decided to go and just see what it would be like.

Outside it was raining and inside the shop was a totally different world - about twelve campers and Vera, the counselor, discussing the start of a Buck's Rock Newspaper. Vera discussed newspaper writing, and what went into it. We voted on names for the paper. The winner was The Rock.

The Rock was to be a weekly published paper containing news, feature stories and articles about camp life at Buck's Rock. That's what the 3 big issues contained, as well as a calendar of events, sports, puzzles and two regular columns: "The Buckerob" by Howard Fischer and "The Way We Were" to be written by different people for each issue.

As the paper went on, it only improved. The first issue was good, but at the next journalism meeting, we decided that the next issue would be better and it was. We added some photographs and everyone decided that we had improved, yet we could do better.

When the third issue came out on August 5th, we had certainly come a long way. We had increased from two pages to five, had photographs and it really looked like a newspaper. We were all happy with the job we had done and it certainly felt great when other people complimented us on it.

As the paper grew, my own personal involvement also grew. When I started out I was just going to write for it. The morning following the first meeting, Vera asked me to be production editor. "Sure, why not," I said. At the time, Laura Duberstein and Suzy Soffler were editors-in-chief. As production editor, I ran it off. By the second issue there was an opening for a co-editor and Vera asked me if I would like to take on this responsibility. I thought it would be a great challenge so I accepted.

For me the second issue was the hardest. I was co-editor, I wrote an article plus the editorial. And then came the most difficult part. We were all ready to run it off at 4 o'clock that afternoon and distribute it at dinner. However, the machine and stencil would not cooperate with me. Debby Peyton and I found ourselves manually running the machine and literally peeling off each sheet of copy before slipsheeting it. Everything was so wet, each pile of copy had to sit for about fifteen minutes before it could be deslipsheeted. But we made it! By 5:30 we had a pile to start handing out at early dinner. At 6:20 we were done. Looking back on that night now, it seems almost funny. It is another interesting and challenging learning experience.

By the third issue, the staff had changed a great deal. July campers left and we were sorry to see them go. But at the meeting the night after change-over, many new faces showed up. A few two month campers also found it a good time to either join The Rock staff or change their position. I found myself sole editor-in-chief, responsible for production and doing some layout.

Working on The Rock has taken up a great deal of time, yet I have enjoyed it all. I feel that I have learned so much from it. It has truly been my most rewarding and challenging experience at Buck's Rock.

FARMING

The farm is fun. I enjoy working there. The work is not hard, but it is not easy. It is farmer's work. The farm counselors are Derek, Richard and Bruce. I own a animal, not just any old animal, but a calf named Lightning. Lightning is very special to me. She makes me feel I have an obligation to fulfill every morning at 9 o'clock and every evening at 5.

Lightning shares a pen with a calf named Randy. Jenna takes good care of Randy.

I've done other work on the farm. I designed the fence and built it so it would be strong enough to hold the goats. I designed and built Duck's Rock which is a duplicate of Devil' Tower. That was real fun.

Chris Gebbia

The Animal Farm is a good introduction to responsibility and ownership. The Animal Farm showed me that reeding, taking care of, and just working with my animal was one good way to live up to my obligations. Sure at times when I was working on a silkscreen I really wanted to finish that day it was really a pain when five o'clock came because that meant it was time to leave and go feed my rabbit and help Chris Gebbia with his calf Lightning.

The people up at the Animal Farm, Richard and Derek helped me a lot and also made me work, but that wasn't too hard when you have a rabbit like mine. Some of the names of the animals are Dusty, a big cow; Randy and Lightning calves; Thumper and Blackjack, (rabbits) Beethoven and Bach, (sheep). Billy and some others are goats.

The Animal Farm is a good experience with some great animals.

Jesse Tenney

The World According to Stu Davis

Wandering around camp today, I decided to stop by the Fleen Shop and pay a visit to my old friend, Stu Davis. Stu, as usual, was drunken and lecherly, but I managed to talk to him between sips on his flask and his advances on the 12 year old girls. Stu taled about many things, from his new tetherball tournament to the growing popularity of riflery at Buck's Rock. He expressed anger at the fact that the sky hook that had been borrowed from the Fleen Shop had not yet been returned. I told him that the Pub Shop would trade him our sky hook in exchange for the Fleen Shop's assortment of pre-knotted balloons. It was a deal.

I asked Stu about his plans for the future. He told me that he wanted to come back to Buck's Rock for as long as he could. That was good. Stu is a fixture at BR, and I would be sorry to see him not at camp.

There were many people at the shop, and since Marge was too busy reading The First Book of Tumor Humor, everyone was asking Stu to help them set up their arc wheels.

We shook hands and I said goodbye.

by Frank Mormando

Save The Rocks

by Joel Schlemowitz

Rocks are not permanent things. They get scraped together and you're left with a fist full of sand. The movements of the continental plates are doing this all the time.

Soon there won't be any rocks left. The world will become just a dust-bowl. It'll blow away. Tombstones will have to be made from plastic, Prudential Insurance Company will lose a perfectly good slogan, as no one wants to get piece of the grain of sand.

No more rock and roll, just a fist full of sand. People in glass houses will have nothing not to throw. We are dependent on rocks.

But you can help. For just \$25 you can get your "ROCK SAVER STARTER SET", with instructions. Or get the "COMPLETE SAVER SET" for just \$50, and receive free our book, A Rockless World: Forecast for the Future. You can become a member of the Rock Savers Association, for just \$5 a year. You get an official identification card and wall poster.

Send Cash Only to:

Save The Rocks
c/o Hohokus Gin Distilleries
Hohokus, New Jersey
07601

Pre-Season

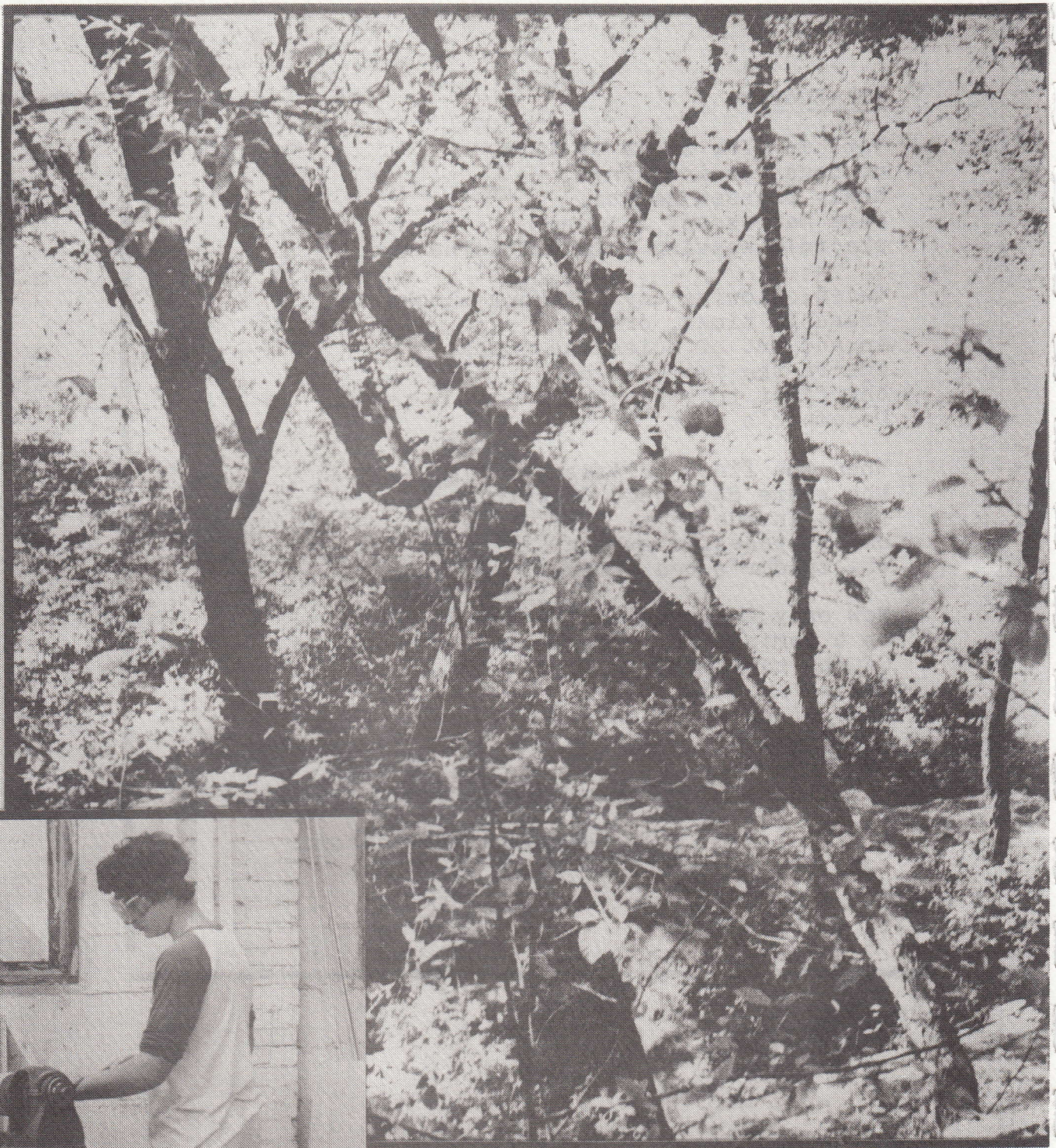
Watching for signs of life,
no bags yet invading
newly pressed sheets,
bare mattresses. Spiders
placidly weaving hospital corners.

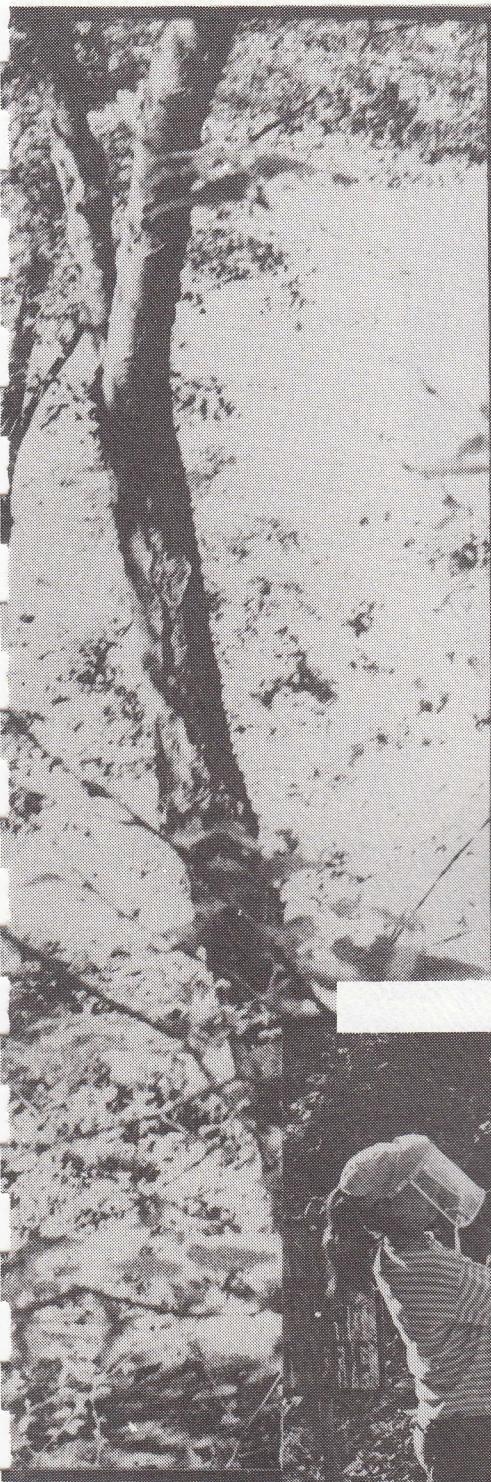
Quiet, flowing days without clocks.
Erasable times, drifting
in and out of noiseless rooms.
You're the intruder now,
the first to sweep away
December's dust

When the flood arrives,
the spare days end. Colorful
faces invade
empty spaces, crashing
the spider's tea party.

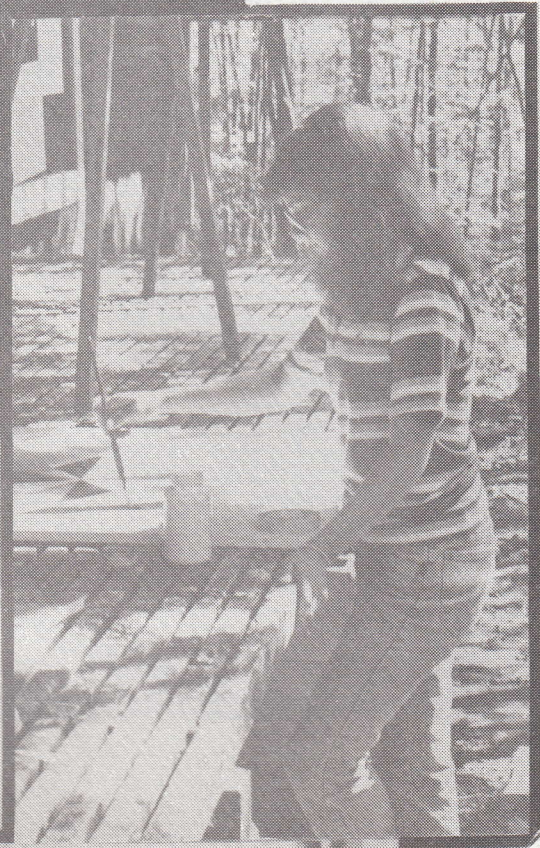
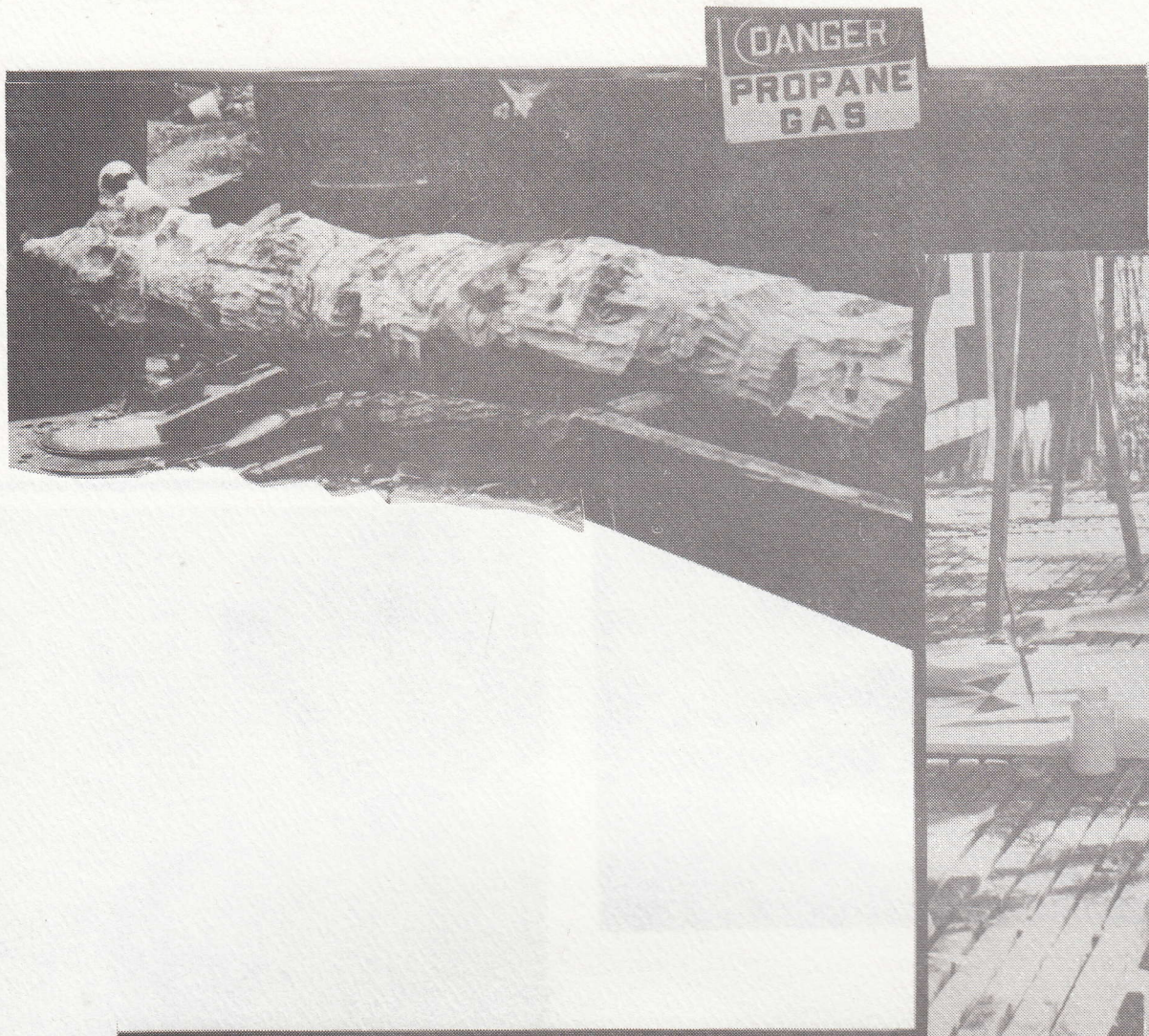
Now only an occasional unspoken glance
is a reminder of pre-season.
Of the tired days.
The early, empty days,
days of stripped sheetless beds,
silent shops,
and spiders.

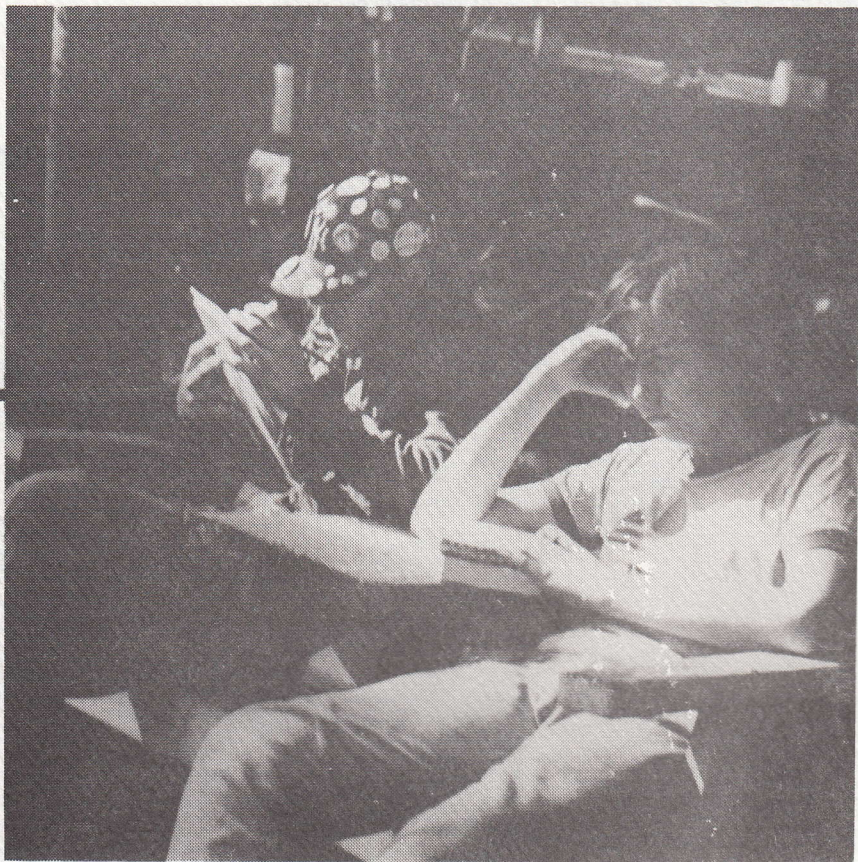
-- Jennifer Fleissner



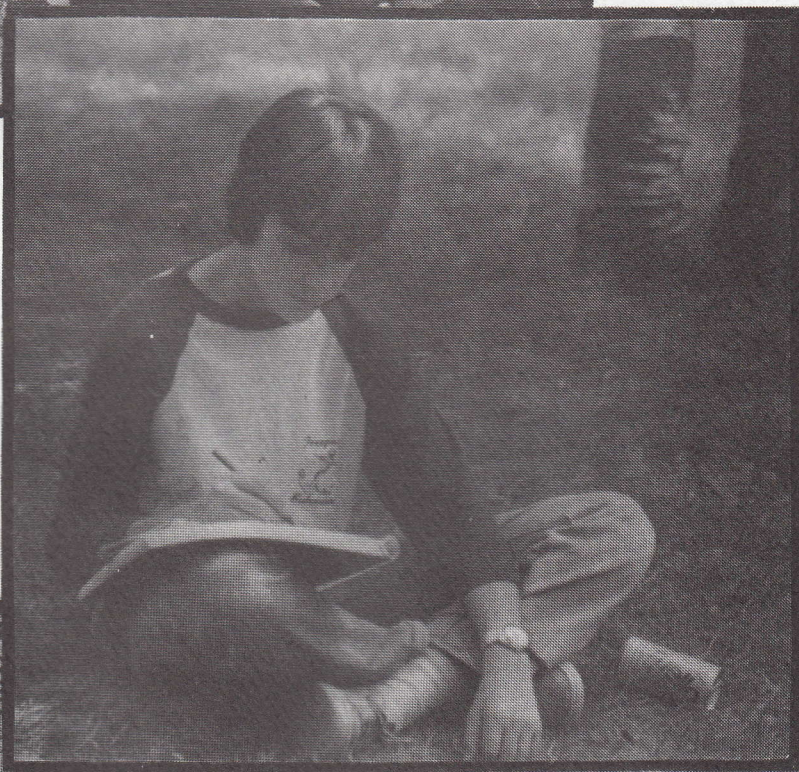
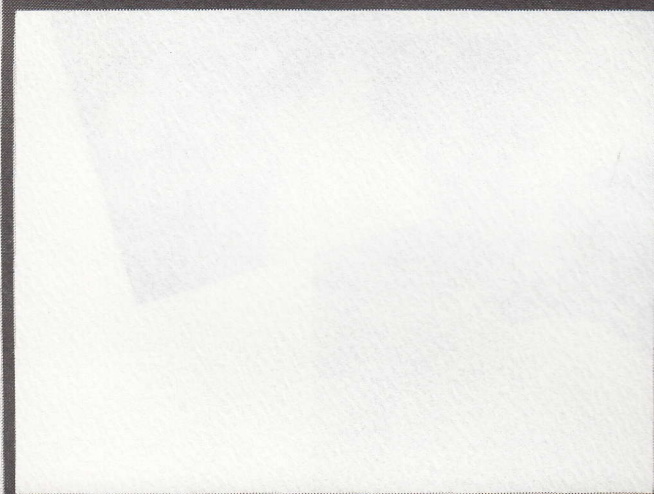
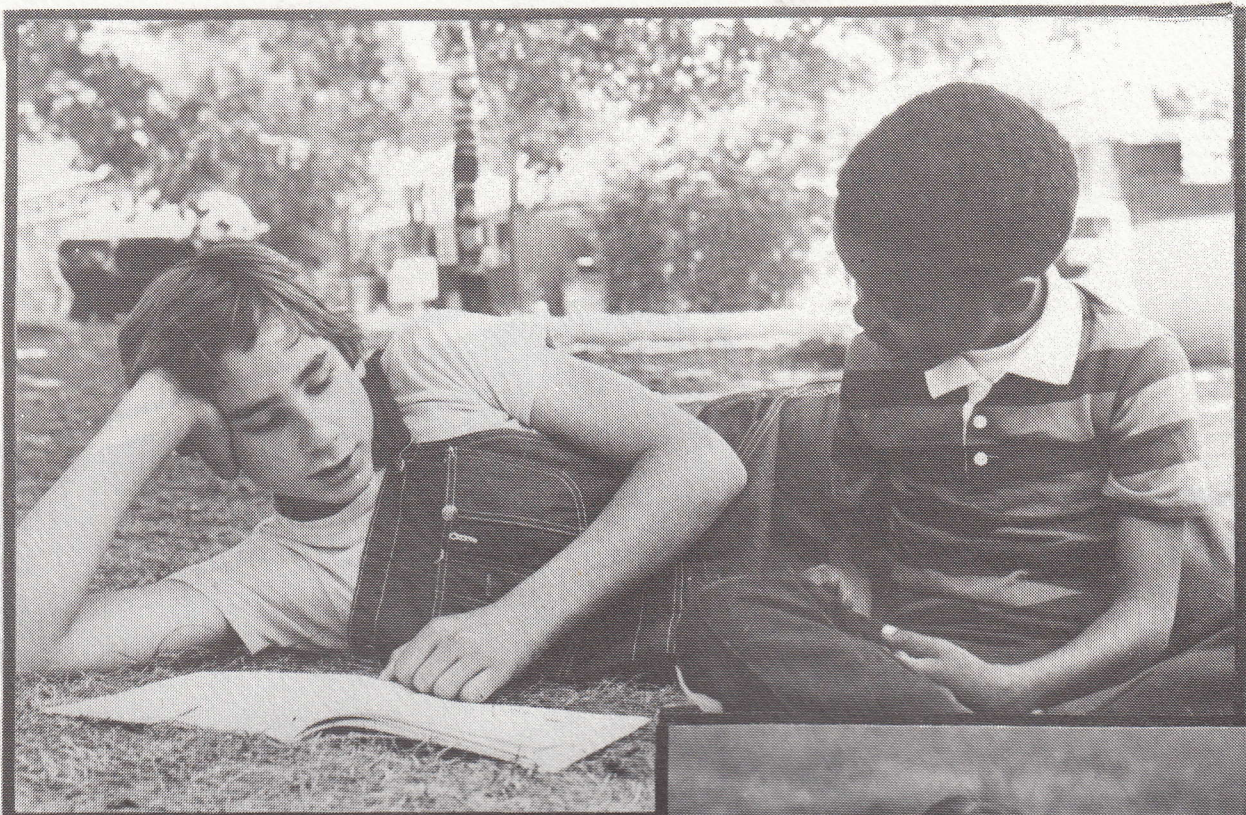


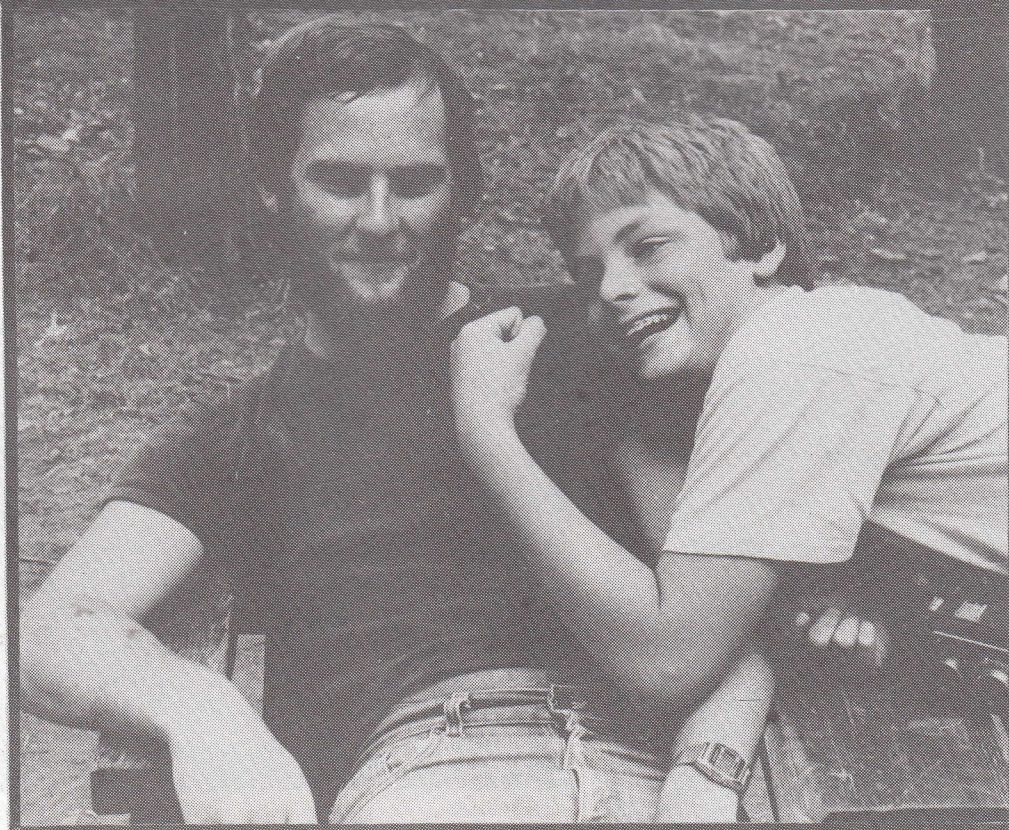


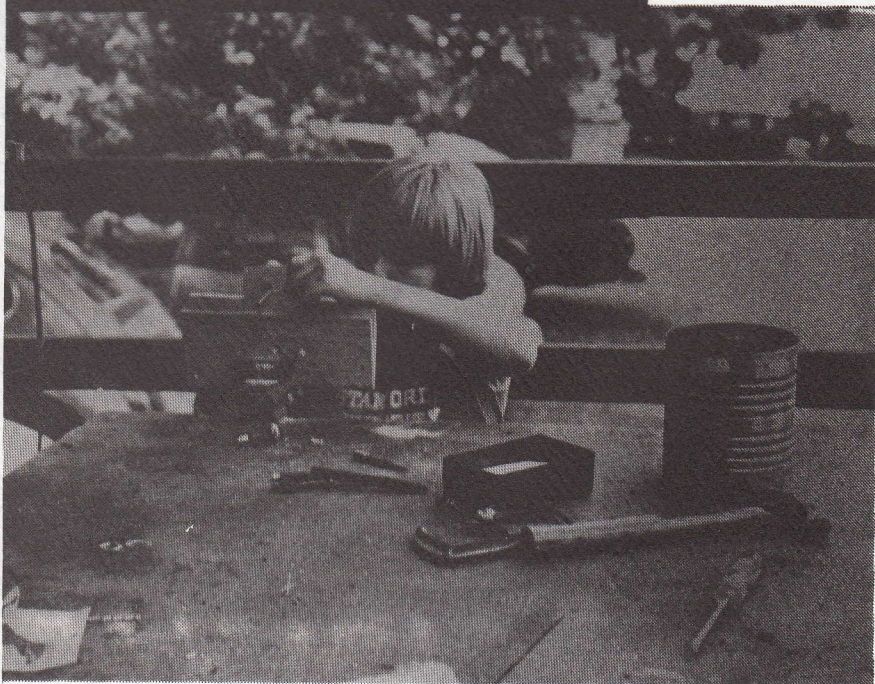
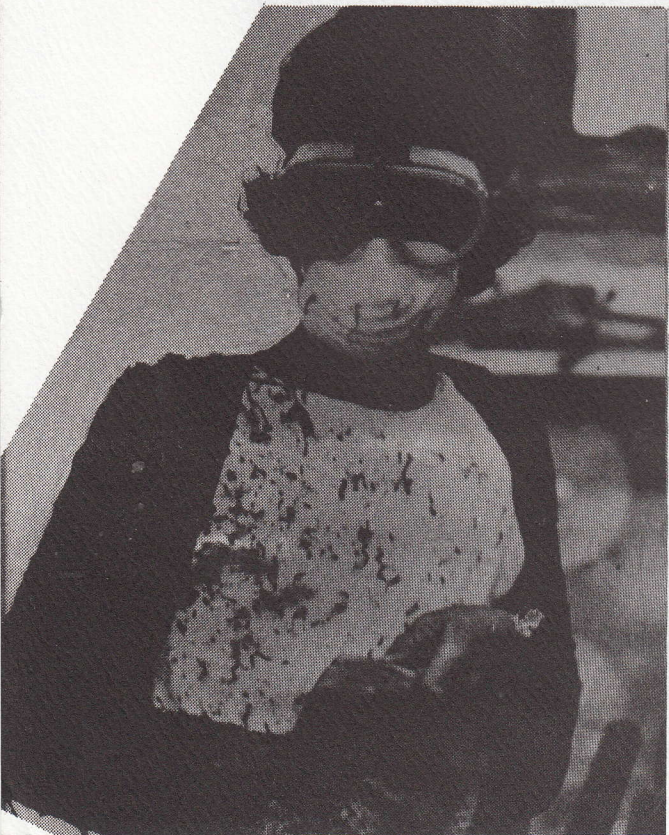
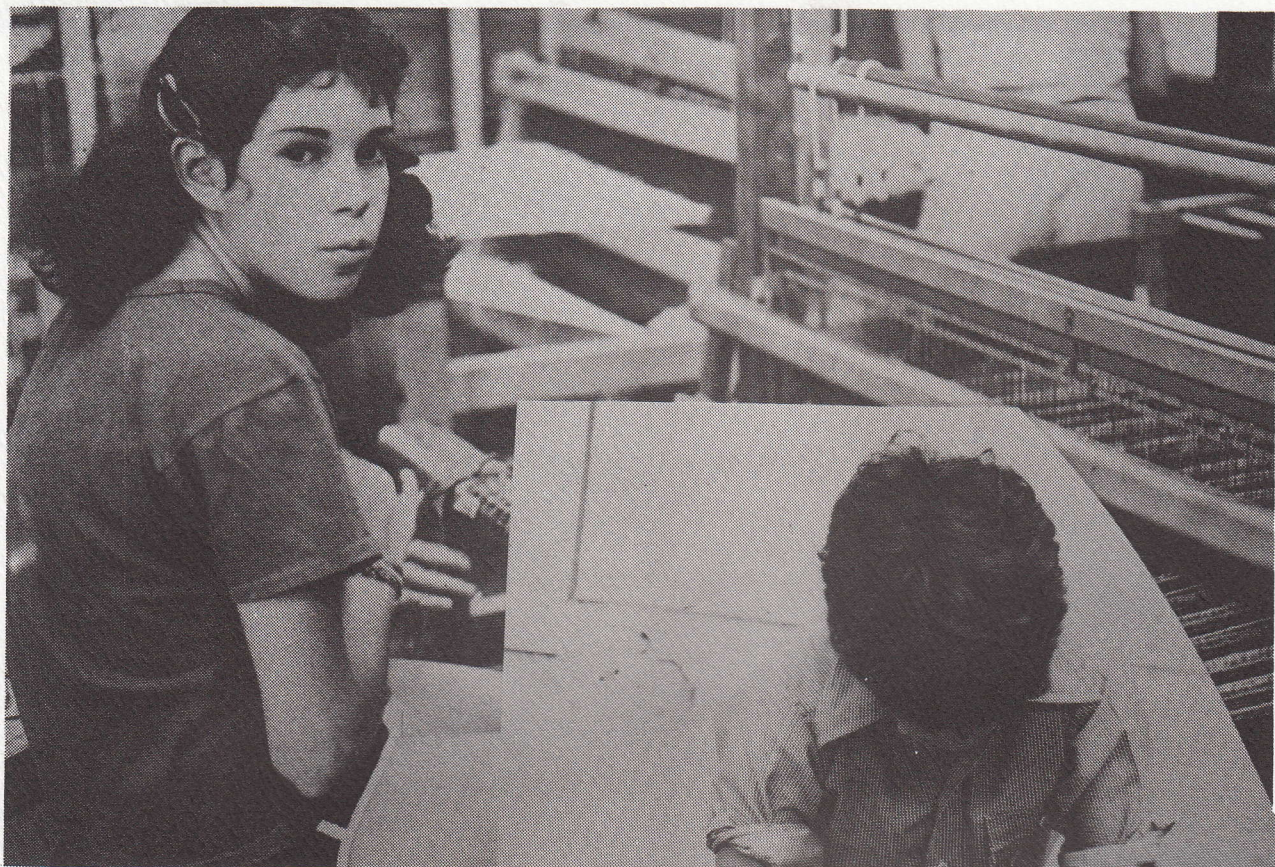




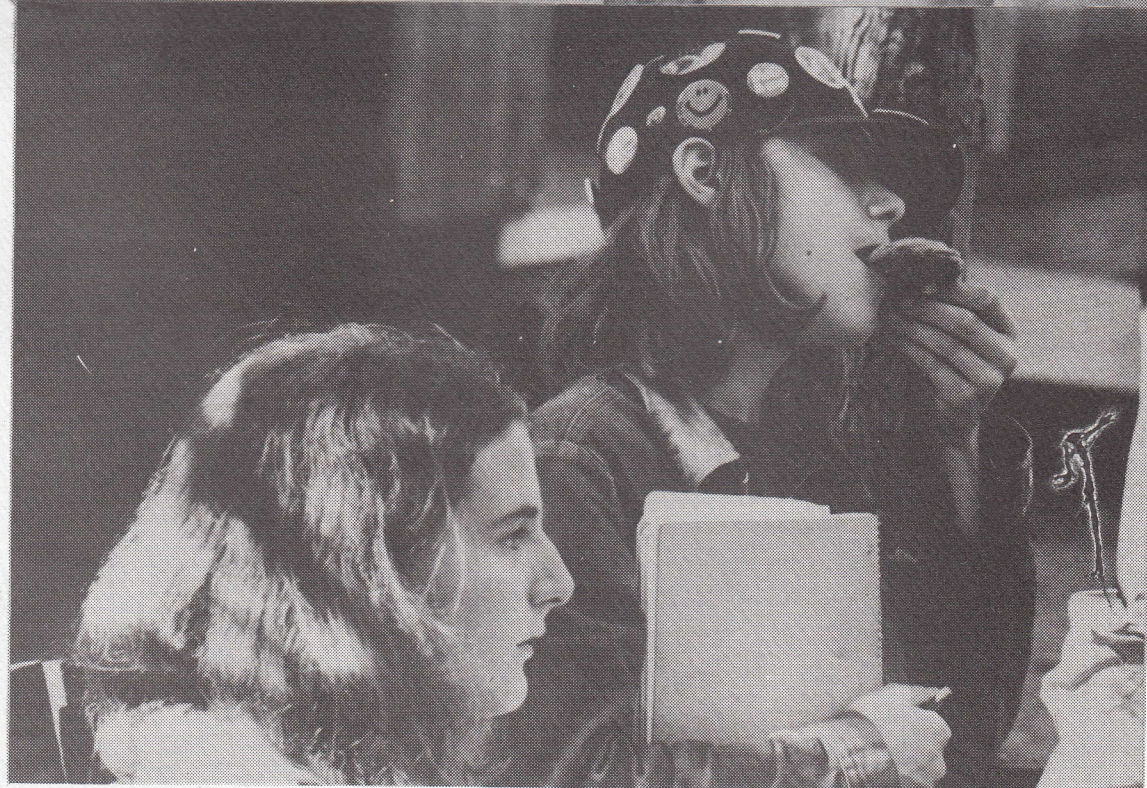
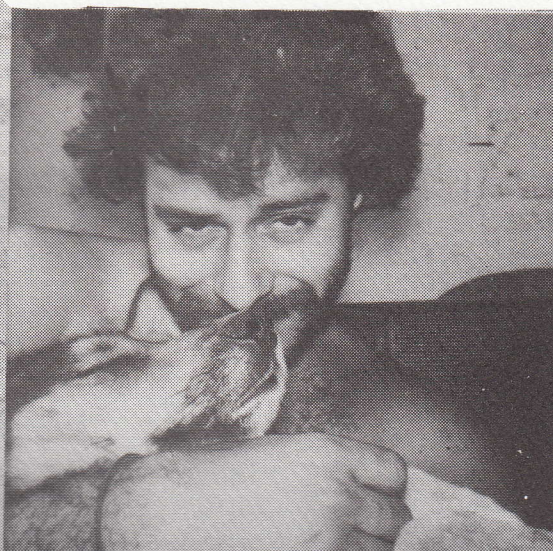














Breaking Away

As its 39th summer draws to a close, Buck's Rock remains today as much of a maverick among summer camps as it was back in 1943 when Ernst and Ilse Bulova, its founders, invited the first group of boys and girls to spend their summer here.

Back then, most summer camps were terribly rigid places. Rules, regulations, and regimentation were their 3 R's and freedom of movement was all but unheard of. Athletic activities were at the heart of each day's program and competition and harmonious group living were among the major values they were supposed to develop. If there was anything contradictory about these two values, most camps failed to recognize the inconsistency. In fact, after a summer of encouraging children to work together and to cooperate with each other, they would usually conclude by dividing the camp into a red (or gold or orange or white) team and a blue (or silver or yellow or purple) team and then have these two groups declare war upon each other. To this day there are camps that conclude their seasons with a traditional "color war."

From the outset Buck's Rock was "not that kind of camp." It had its roots in an educational movement known as progressive education. Progressive educators were idealistic men and women who believed that learning should be a positive and an enjoyable experience. They had faith in the basic goodness of young people and in their infinite capacity to learn, provided they were surrounded by the right tools, supplies, teachers, and stimuli, and that they were given ample opportunities to express their creative impulses without fear of failure and adult disapproval. The early progressive schools, established in the '30's and '40's, were dedicated to meeting the needs and interests of young people and to encouraging them to learn by doing. Central to this philosophy was a belief in the individuality of each individual and a conviction that individuals learned best in an environment that respected their individuality and that afforded them the freedom to design and shape their own programs.

Although most of the early progressive schools have shifted their focus or faded away altogether, Buck's Rock has survived and is one of the few educational institutions that has remained true to some of the basic ideals of the progressive movement. Here at Buck's Rock we have never lost our faith in the innate capacity of young people to structure their days intelligently and to use their freedom courageously. But neither have we been overly permissive, soft, or undisciplined in our approach to working with young people. On the contrary, as any visitor to Buck's Rock can see, our counselors and instructors demand and receive only the very best that young people can produce.

Over the years we have demonstrated that freedom and structure go hand in hand, and that without disciplined, structured effort little of worth can ever be achieved. While our boys and girls are free to choose their projects and activities, once they have made their choices they quickly discover that to succeed in any endeavor they must be prepared to commit themselves totally to what they are doing -- to risk the possibility of failure and disappointment but also to dare to do the impossible and experience the exhilaration that comes of succeeding under such circumstances.

This summer you have had the opportunity to test yourselves, to discover your strengths and your weaknesses. Working as an individual in one or another of our studios and workshops you have experienced the joy of beholding a completed bowl or pot or ring or photograph or sculpture, knowing that it was worth every moment of the summer you gave to see it through to completion. And we hope that you learned something from your failures as well. In some instances they spurred you on to even greater efforts; in others, you wisely concluded that perhaps you were not a glassblower or a poet or a printmaker, but that you nevertheless possessed other talents which were equally rewarding to pursue.

As you tried things out and tested yourselves, we hope that you learned something about the creative process itself. Gertrude Stein, in discussing that process as it applies to writing, suggested that creativity involved self discovery: "It will come if it is there and if you will let it come. So how can you know what it will be? What will be best in it is that you really do not know. If you knew it all, it would not be creation but dictation."

All summer long we encouraged your creativity because we believe that it is often through the process of creating that one is awakened to the limitless possibilities of life itself. Many individuals seldom achieve fulfillment because they never have the chance to explore the mysterious, to probe the unknown, and to dare the impossible. They live in prisons of their own making. Antoine de Saint-Exupery describes such people in "Wind, Sand and Stars" when he writes:

"Old Bureaucrat, my comrade, it is not you who are to blame. No one ever helped you to escape. You, like the termite, built your peace by blocking up with cement every chink and cranny through which the light might pierce. You rolled yourself up into a ball in your genteel security, in routine, in the stifling convention of provincial life, raising a modest rampart against the winds and the tides and the stars. You have chosen not to be perturbed by our great problems, have trouble

enough to forget your faith as a man. You are not a dweller upon an errant planet and do not ask yourself questions to which there are no answers...Nobody grasped you by the shoulder while there was still time. Now the clay of which you were shaped has dried and hardened, and not in you will ever awaken the sleeping musician, the poet, the astronomer that possibly inhabited you from the beginning."

We fervently hope that here at Buck's Rock you have encountered counselors and instructors who have "grasped you by the shoulder while there was still time" and that you have been made more aware of "the sleeping musician, the poet, the astronomer" that may inhabit you.

We hope too that in addition to learning more about yourself this summer, you have learned that you are not alone in this universe that there are many others who think and feel and respond to things as you do, just as there are many who do not. We have tried to respect your need for privacy and solitude by not compelling you to join others, but rather by allowing you to choose the groups you might wish to join. The friendships you have formed, therefore, are with others with similar needs and interests, and such friendships generally last the longest. Also, as you've no doubt seen, they cut across age lines, encompassing campers and counselors who are both younger and older than you are.

Probably among the most memorable moments of your summer are those activities you performed with others. The feelings of joy and sadness that members of the cast of Godspell felt as their performance came to an end; the exhaustion mingled with pride and relief shared by all the loyal Pub Shop workers as the last run was completed; the fun and satisfaction of running a successful booth on Carnivaliterati night and of making others happy by your efforts; the agony and the ecstasy of all the dancers on stage as they took their final bows on Dance Night---these and scores of comparable experiences will no doubt remain with you the longest.

Someone each summer usually asks how this summer compared with summers past, and what Buck's Rock was like back in "the good old days." This year we can say, without hesitation, that our campers, our staff, our programs have been as good as and (in some instances) even better than their counterparts back in "the good old days." You have been eager, enthusiastic, helpful to each other, trusting, and worthy of trust. You have made full use of the facilities and the opportunities that Buck's Rock has offered you, and while the tangible results of your efforts were made

evident to you on Festival day, we hope that, in the months to come, you will become more aware of some of the summer's intangible results.

Foremost among the less tangible results will be a new and different way of seeing and discovering and understanding things. At the outset of the summer we promised that we would try to arouse and awaken you, to free you to see the ordinary and the everyday with totally new eyes. We hoped, before the end of the summer, to present you with what the poet Wallace Stevens called "a blue guitar." In his poem, "The Man With the Blue Guitar," he wrote:

"You have a blue guitar,
You do not play things as they are."
The man replied, "Things as they are
are changed upon the blue guitar."

We hope that each of you leaves Buck's Rock this summer with your own blue guitar, breaking away from the ordinary and the everyday, daring to part company from the majority (moral or otherwise) and ready and eager to explore new vistas--vistas that may reveal new visions of human freedom, new modes of being joyful, new modes of being alive.

Ray and Sybil



I Know Where I'm Going

By Ernst Bulova

At the end of the summer, we are moved to look back at the beginning of the season and realize that the beginning was not entirely a new beginning. Nothing really is. Every beginning follows what went on before the beginning began.

Looking through old yearbooks, we came across one of thirty or so years ago titled: "I know where I'm going", the theme taken from an old folksong.

I know where I'm going! Oh, the selfconfidence of many a beginning. But do I? Do we? I am not sure that anybody today can say this with certainty. That could be sad. It needn't be sad. It can be a challenge. It confronts us with the necessity of finding a way, of attempting to learn where to go.

What have we tried to achieve this summer? We celebrated the 4th of July, the Day of Independence. But during the weeks that followed, we may have realized that independence has to be achieved again and again. Personally and collectively.

Personal independence. It is a long road that leads from dependency to independence and I don't know if it can be fully achieved. And yet we suspect that dependency easily breeds antagonism. We often do not like the people on whom we remain dependent. In order to establish good relationships to those around us, we have to strive for independence. We are not alone, we work and live with others but the more independent we are as individuals, the easier it is to live in harmony with those around us. That is true politically also. We, as a nation, are often surprised and hurt if other countries whom we have made dependent on us respond not with appreciation and gratitude but with hostility. And yet, this could be a natural reaction, often thinly disguised, by those who feel dependent.

Through personal achievements during this past summer, most of us have made important steps towards becoming more independent, more self reliant, more self confident.

Of course, there are always crises to overcome. They can be crises of a personal nature. Where Ilse and I came from the smoke of burning gas ovens in the Nazi concentration camps darkened the skies of all mankind. And probably have darkened the skies for years to come. It shook the faith in the good will towards men and women. We are attempting to recover it but it will have to mean more than a Christmas wish.

At Buck's Rock, we have always pledged ourselves to be truthful with each other, to be honest, to stick by our words and fulfill our promises. During the presidency of Richard Nixon, we could not use the practices of our government as a model to be guided by and though we may not have known where we were going, we knew where we stood. We had known where we stood during the inquisitions conducted by Senator McCarthy and we knew where we stood during the years of the Vietnam war.

Now we are living in a time that the British Prime Minister has called the dangerous decade. We live with the results of an ominous invention: The Bomb. Our nation and our nation's allies and adversaries, in spite of all warnings and pledges and signed agreements, are contributing towards arming themselves and the world with the means of total destruction. "Peace" is no longer a slogan or a greeting. It is the only way to avoid disaster. I feel that we can do no better, at the beginning of the Dangerous Decade, than to strive for peace and to devote part of our efforts to achieve peace.

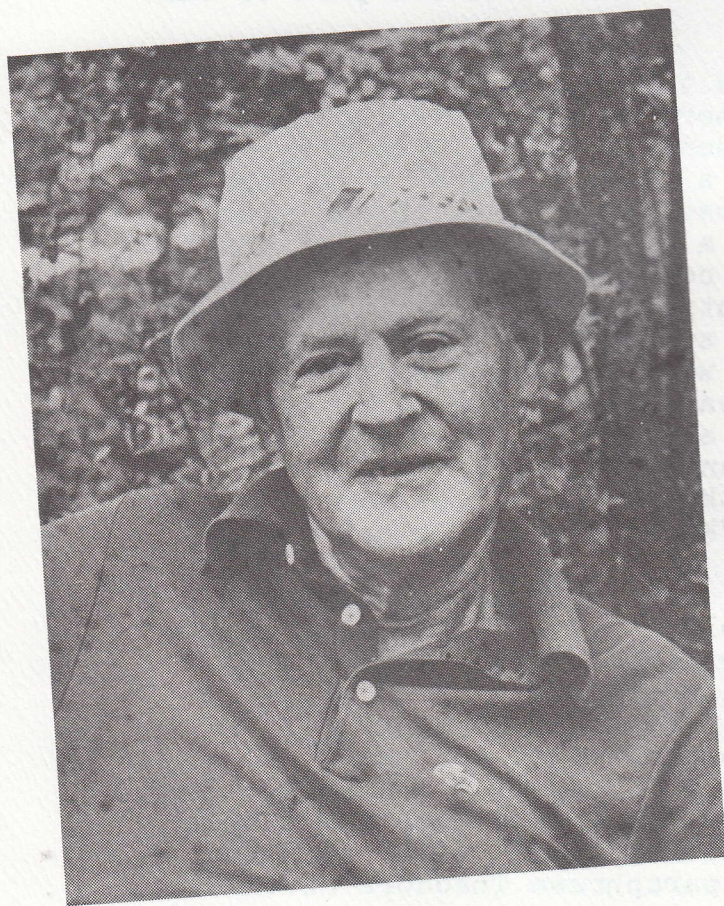
Peace within ourselves, as we tried to arrive at this summer through working together, through pride in our accomplishments achieved personally and collectively. Peace based on self confidence, on a growing awareness of what each one of us can do for himself or herself as well as what we can do as members of a group that works as a unit. But beyond that, in years to come, we have to work for peace in the world. This country and all countries have to be persuaded, if they are to survive, to become members of a United Mankind. We have to work towards overcoming the egotism of nationalism, to learn to disregard boundaries, to tear down the fences that separate us from each other, personally and politically, and to turn United Nations into a United Mankind. Only then shall we be able to say with greater justification: "We know where we are going".

This is a difficult goal to reach. But throughout human history men and women have solved problems and have overcome obstacles that seemed to defeat their efforts. We can interpret Omar Kayyam's lines:

"There was the door to which I found no key,
There was the veil through which I might not see,"
not in terms of resignation but in terms of challenge. In the course of history, mankind has opened many doors that were closed; mankind has rolled back veil after veil to discover what was hidden. To paraphrase Theodore Roethke:

"We learn by going, where to go.
And, lovely, learn by going, where to go."
We have lived this summer by the maxim:
"Teaching is a form of loving.
Learning is a form of loving.
Teaching is a form of being loved.
Learning is a form of being loved."
We have taught each other. We have learned from each other.
We may, in the end, Know Where We are Going.

Arnst and Tise



1917

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

RECEIVED

TO THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
FROM THE HONORABLE THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
SUBJECT: [Illegible text]

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. It appears to be a formal communication or report.]

Literary

Editors in Chief- Howard A. Fischer
Jennifer Fleissner

Shops Editor- Eric Young

Creative Writing Editor- Pam Renner

Poetry Editor- Nikki Feist

Fine Arts Editor- Beth Kissileff

Camp Life Editor- Teri Buch

Literary Contributors

Cindi Augarten
Corin Barsily
Vernon Berger
Jennifer Bernstein
Vickey Booth
Jill Bortner
Rebecca Bross
Amy Bruckman
Teri Buch
Claudia Bukszpan
Daniel Bukszpan
Susie Bulova
Nicole Cajori
Pip Chodorov
Debbie Cooper
Lisa Cooper
Nora Daniel
Peter Daniel
Josh Draper
Lisa Dropkin
Anne R. Edelson
Lisa Edelstein
Philip Edwards
James Eichner
Samantha Epstein
Neil Fein
Nikki Feist
Howard A. Fischer
Jennifer Fleissner
Katie Fleissner
Liz Frankel
Michelle Freshman
Jaime Friedenberg
Sandie Friedman
Evan Gahr
Chris Gebbia
Natalie Getzoff
Nick Gould

Deborah Greenberg
Janice Greene
Bethany Grenald
Mark Haskelson
Damond Horowitz
Dave Horowitz
David Jadow
Liz Janovsky
Stephanie Kaftal
Mark Kamberg
Zachary Karabell
Stephanie Kaster
Suzanne Kerzner
Nancy Khafif
Valerie King
Beth Kissileff
Debbie Kogan
Aaron Kromash
Julie Kunen
Gail Kupferman
Robert Kuropatwa
Nina V. Lesser
Ken Levine
Rachel Lirtzman
Lawrence Maayan
Howard Mann
Scott Mann
Jody Marcus
Peter Mazelis
David Meyers
Julia Mickenberg
Colin Miner
Vanessa Moss
Nicole Neretin
Yael Osterweil
Mitchell Pascal
Daniel Z. Pinchbeck
Mara Platt

Josh Porter
Elizabeth Prenner
Carolyn Raskin
Mitch Remson
Pam Renner
Michael F. Rinzler
Ben Rosenberg
Seth Rosenthal
John Rothenberg
Nancy Rubin
Jacob Sadowsky
Pat Safran
Derek M. Saunders
Elijah Schachter
Corinne Schiff
Joel Schlemowitz
Katy Schneebaum
Lori Schneider
Karyn Seroussi
Ellen Shapiro
Steven Shaw
Liz Sher
Samantha Sherman
Jahna Shifman
Julie Simon
Elliott Sokoloff
Saul Streit
Jesse Tenney
Michael Tuchman
Jessica Weiss
Mike Wetstone
Dana Wile
Reuben Winitch
Laura Wolner
Eric Young
Kim Zern

Production

Production Manager- Anne Edelson

Assistant Production Manager- Steven Shaw

Production Supervisors- Sarah Fallowes, Colin Miner

Caryn Angelson
Stephen Angelson
Corin Barsily
Alexandra Beal
Glenn Bernstein
Staci Bolton
Vicky Boothe
Jill Bortner
David Breuer
Rebecca Bross
Teri Buch
Susie Bulova
Nicole Cajori
Sonia Chalfin
Pip Chodorov
Joann Cohn
Lisa Cooper
Peter Daniel
Chris Dicke
Kevin Dorfsman
Josh Draper
James Eichner
Ilyse Feingold
Lisa Feinman
Nikki Feist
Mark Feldstein
Howard A. Fischer
Jenny Fleissner
Katie Fleissner
Doreen Frumkin
Jeremy Goodridge
Bethany Grenald
Andrew Harris
Alex Hoffman

Mark Kamber
Zachary Karabell
Trevor Kaufman
Beth Kissileff
Debbie Kogan
Rich Komarow
Aaron Kromash
Julie Kunen
Nina Lesser
Ken Levine
Troy Levine
Missi Leventhal
Lori Lipman
Jackie London
Lawrence Maayan
Scott Mann
Theresa Mathiasen
Peter Mazelis
David Meyers
Julia Mickenberg
Kenny Peyton
Daniel C. Pinchbeck
Mara Platt
Philip Poresky
John Porter
Elizabeth Prenner
Steven Pudell
Stuart Pudell
Jill Rabbiner
Mitch Remson
Pamela Renner
Seth Rosenthal
John Rothenberg
Lisa Ruesch

Lori Schneider
Tammy Schottenstein
Steve Schweitzer
Joanne Settel
Amy Shapiro
Samantha Sherman
Chad Silvester
Andrew Simon
Kira Simon
Michael Slass
Suzy Soffler
Ralph Soll
Jonathan Sussman
Ken Tanzer
Mike Tuchman
Alex Uram
Noah Van Loen
Jessica Weiss
Ruben Winitch
Laura Wolner
Eric Young
Kim Zern
Melissa Zintein
Carolyn Raskin
Gail Kupferman
Stu Davis
Jeff Salamon
Jonathan Ellner
Andre Salz
Alex Beels
Corinne Schiff
Ann Cherkis
Danny Mazelis
Noah Salzman

Photography

1st page=first page of photos that appears in the yearbook

<u>1st page:</u>	Laura Wolner	<u>22nd page:</u>	Mark Rubin
<u>2nd page:</u>	Matthew Merkelson		Zachary Karabell
	Matthew Merkelson		Jeremy Goodridge
<u>3rd page:</u>	Andrew Simon	<u>23rd page:</u>	Staff
	Matthew Merkelson	<u>24th page:</u>	Stuart Kurtz
<u>4th page:</u>	Sonia Chalfin	<u>25th page:</u>	Johnathan Ellner
	Matthew Merkelson	<u>26th page:</u>	Stuart Bernstein
<u>5th page:</u>	Joe Schwartzman		David Meyers
	Zachary Karabell		Staff
<u>6th page:</u>	Staff	<u>27th page:</u>	David Meyers
	Andrew Simon	<u>28th page:</u>	Stuart Bernstein
<u>7th page:</u>	Zachary Karabell	<u>29th page:</u>	Andrew Simon
	Zachary Karabell		Steve Pudell
<u>8th page:</u>	Philip Poresky	<u>30th page:</u>	Stuart Kurtz
	Staff		Staff
<u>9th page:</u>	Zachary Karabell	<u>31st page:</u>	Staff
	David Meyers		Matthew Merkelson
	Dave Horowitz	<u>32nd page:</u>	Zachary Karabell
<u>10th page:</u>	Andrew Simon		Jeremy Goodridge
	David Meyers		Mark Rubin
<u>11th page:</u>	Zachary Karabell		Staff
	Daniel Klausner	<u>33rd page:</u>	Steve Pudell
<u>12th page:</u>	Zvi Osterweil		
	Mark Rubin	<u>34th page:</u>	Suzy Soffler
<u>13th page:</u>	Daniel Klausner		Matthew Merkelson
	Evan Gahr	<u>35th page:</u>	Marc Sznajderman
<u>14th page:</u>	Zachary Karabell		David Meyers
	Steve Pudell	<u>36th page:</u>	David Meyers
<u>15th page:</u>	David Meyers		Philip Poresky
<u>16th page:</u>	David Meyers	<u>37th page:</u>	Staff
	Zachary Karabell		Zvi Osterweil
<u>17th page:</u>	Zachary Karabell	<u>38th page:</u>	Zachary Karabell
<u>18th page:</u>	Matthew Merkelson		Staff
	David Meyers	<u>39th page:</u>	Zachary Karabell
<u>19th page:</u>	Jeremy Goodridge		Philip Poresky
	Staff		Matthew Merkelson
<u>20th page:</u>	Mark Rubin		David Breuer
<u>21st page:</u>	Matthew Merkelson		
	David Meyers		
	Daniel Klausner		
	Marc Sznajderman		
	Jeremy Goodridge		

Illustration and Design

Layout and Design Editors- Corin Barsily
Joel Schlemowitz

Illustrators

Jennifer Barger
Laura Fink
Jennifer Fleissner
David Foster
Alex Firedman
Lisa Greenfield
Jocelyn Hassenfield
Gabby Leff
Daniel Pinchbeck
Pam Renner
Ben Rosenberg
Joel Schlemowitz
Katy Schneebaum
Chad Silvester
Ralph Soll
Sebby Weiss
Mike Wetstone
Paul Zeichner

Layout

Teri Buch
Sonia Chalfin
Peter Daniel
Howard A. Fischer
Jennifer Fleissner
Emily Jenkins
Mark Kamberg
Ken Levine
Daniel Q. Pinchbeck
Stephen Pudell
Carolyn Raskin
Pam Renner
Ben Rosenberg
Katy Schneebaum
Andrew Simon
Emily Sweedler
Noah Van Loen
Eric Young

Typing

Corin Barsily
James Eichner
James C. Ellner
Nikki Feist
Jennifer Fleissner
Katie Fleissner
Retep Leinad

Colin Miner
Amy Noskin
Mara Platt
Mark Rubin
Pat Safron
Katy Schneebaum
Mike Tuchman
Eric Young

Directory Binding

Corin Barsily
Chris Dicke
Sarah Fallowes
Howard A. Fischer
Mark Kamberg

Nina Lesser
Lawrence Maayan
Colin Miner
Ken Tanzer
Noah Van Loen
Eric Young

ADVISORS

Production

Marcy Berger
Bob Dicke
Debby Peyton
Jonathan Schachter
Danny Simon
Eric F. Weiss

Writing

Pamela Abrams
Glenn J. Gers
Mike Minassian
Dave McCormack
Vera Winitch

Layout & Design

Elaine Miller
Greg Nickson

CIT's

Teri Buch
Anne Edelson
Ben Rosenberg

Acknowledgements

Silkscreen designed and produced by Aaron Kromash

Special thanks to: The Silkscreen Shop
The Art Shop
The Wood Shop
Photo Lab
The Kitchen Staff

Quotes from other yearbooks researched by Pam Renner

Arbo was written and produced by the
campers of Buck's Rock, New Milford, Connecticut.

August, 1981

